

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

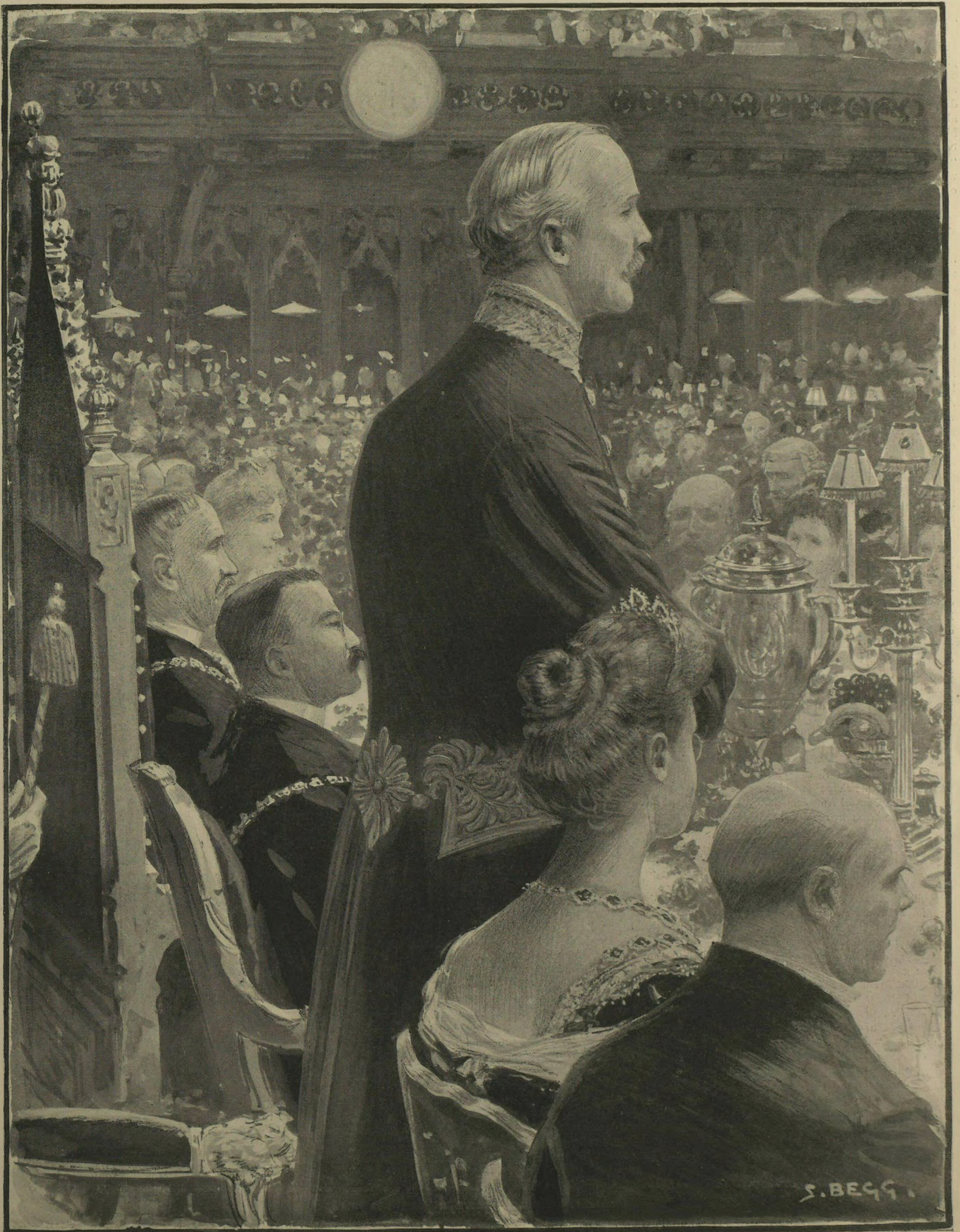
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SIXPENCE.

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THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL: MR. BALFOUR REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF "HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE GUILDHALL.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Rowton is dead, and the Beaconsfield Manuscripts are still wrapt in mystery. George Meredith's *Dame Gossip* used to amuse herself periodically by affirming that Lord Rowton was about to publish the long-deferred biography of his illustrious chief. Then we were assured with equal regularity that the Manuscripts could not be given to the world in the lifetime of unspecified persons. Now their custodian himself is gone, who will have charge of the secrets? How many more lives must evaporate before the seal is broken, and the mordant gibes are let loose? The case suggests a story in the manner of Mr. Henry James. A distinguished man dies, and his contemporaries are uneasily awaiting the Parthian shafts which will fly from his literary remains. His executor freezes their blood with a mocking eye whenever he meets them. He puts about the rumour that the Biography is nearing completion just when they are beginning to breathe more easily, and to believe that certain transactions will never be known. He goes on doing this until they drop one by one into the grave. Last of all, he dies also; and then it is discovered that there are no Manuscripts, and have never been any, except a brief note in his friend's hand, which runs thus: "Make 'em think you have a tiger-cat in the bag when there isn't such a beast. It will keep 'em on the go!"

Of course, Lord Rowton was not an executor of this stamp; but suppose he had conspired with the departed satirist to "keep 'em on the go" in a spirit of freakish mischief, would this have made him unworthy of credit? I offer this problem to the journal which solemnly rebukes "the man who is consciously aware that even in making a good story better he is guilty of intentional inaccuracy." He runs the risk of getting himself "nicknamed Ananias in no other spirit than that of good-humoured tolerance." "The habit of not being absolutely truthful about things which seem immaterial is apt to develop into a disposition of carelessness towards the truth in things that are essential." As no "good story" can be absolutely true, the artist who embellishes it does this at the expense of his moral nature. Sydney Smith had a perfectly riotous fancy in dealing with things which seemed to him immaterial; and it is deplorable to think that he was a dignitary of the Church. Strange to say, no man of his time inspired greater respect; but it was a loose, immoral time, which thought that a jest was often as good as a sermon. Church dignitaries know better now.

I commend these reflections even to mercantile persons who pursue their business with a gravity which never deviates into jesting. For instance, there is a merchant in Central America, who has issued a circular, in which I find this passage: "The early knowledge of business acquired at home improved by considerable experience abroad; the countenance of able and respectable friends, whose confidence and esteem I enjoy, and the honourable and satisfactory references I can offer, will, I fondly hope, recommend me to your notice and good consideration." I regret to speak harshly of any man; but absolute truth compels me to say that my vast interests in Central America must on no account be entrusted to the care of a merchant who tries to make me believe that business with him is an affair of the heart. Fondly hopes, indeed! As if his circular were a valentine! Make every allowance for climate, and still you will see that the Central American has a careless disposition towards the truth in essential things.

Even writers of fiction had better profit by this lesson. I have misgivings about Mr. Howells. In his "Letters Home" he makes it appear that at the opera in New York the names of box-owners are printed in the playbill so that the average citizen can tell on what evenings Mrs. Vanderstoop will be visible in her box with all her diamonds. There is a delightful passage in "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace," where Mrs. Goringe describes how she put on all her jewels before going to bed to see how she would "look as an Oriental." Perhaps the New Yorker goes to the opera fondly hoping, as my Central American would say, to see Mrs. Vanderstoop shining with Eastern magnificence. Yes; but is this Mr. Howells's little joke, or a veracious transcript from New York manners? He may say it is symbolic, not literal; but that plea of the artistic storyteller will not do for the earnest student. Further, I gather from "Letters Home" that there is a lurking discontent among American women with the clean-shaven young patriot and his "pretty, pointed chin." Fond memories of moustache and beard throbb in some gentle bosoms—not real memories, but inherited yearnings from primeval women in the days before the war. Is Mr. Howells sure that this is the absolute truth? Or is he merely poking a little fun at the Dana Gibson young man, who looks like a Roman Emperor tamed at Harvard? His public in America may condone his laxity in things which seem immaterial; but

in this country we insist upon having the absolute truth about Mrs. Vanderstoop and the "clean shave."

As if the fiscal question were not enough, Mr. George Alexander has started a controversy about evening dress at the theatre. His sympathetic heart goes out to the man who is in town for a night without an evening suit. Why should he not sit in the stalls if he wishes? "Why can't he be content with an unobtrusive place in the dress-circle?" growls the critic whose evening suit is always handy. But Mr. Alexander cannot be thinking only of the gentleman who is "up" for the night from Liverpool. There are men who object to evening suits on principle; but I did not suppose them to be numerous enough to catch the eye of a far-seeing manager. True, you may sometimes observe them in the stalls all in a row. They are accompanied by ladies in costumes manifestly not designed expressly for the evening. Then you smile cynically, and murmur "Paper!" I have heard that remark from an expert, when he cast a glance round a crowded house. "Business is dropping," he has commented cheerfully. "But the house is full," I have said in my innocence. Then a cynical twinkle has danced in his eye. "Look at the toilettes—they're paper!" I have grasped his point; it does not imply that the dresses in question are made of that flimsy material. In the old theatrical parlance, they have "come in with orders." I can recall the picturesque days when ladies who sat in the stalls with "orders" wore bombazine. A shawl and a gold chain completed the insignia. I don't know where these vestments are now—probably at Madame Tussaud's. Yes, when you visit that home of ancient splendour, do not be surprised if you should stand face to face with the portrait model of the Lady Who Came In With The Victorian Order, in full fig.

Is it possible that Mr. Alexander is overwhelmed with petitions from ladies who do not want to wear evening toilettes at the theatre? If so, let him beware. Woman is never more insidious than when she is apparently irrational. Why this singular desire for morning dress after dinner? George Alexander, my son, I will tell you what it means. It means More Hats! You made a gallant attempt to put down the *matinée-hat*, or, at any rate, to induce its wearer to doff it in the stalls. Entreaty was vain. Women have not forgiven you for that unlucky enterprise. They are now trying to inflict upon you another humiliation. Yes, it is a plot to force Hats into your theatre night and day! If you relax the rule of evening dress, you will never be able to keep them out. In Paris it is the fashion to dine in the Hat, and see the play in the Hat, with the consequence that other people see the Hat in the play. The same usage holds good in New York, save at the opera, where Mrs. Vanderstoop, jewelled like an Oriental, permits her admirers, who have taken their seats for the purpose, to have a full view of her coiffure.

Let us protest against a Hatted Theatre while there is yet time. Mr. Alexander may be duped by wily strategists thirsting for vengeance; but it behoves every citizen who has any authority in his family circle to declare that he will be no party to the evening Hat. He need not put it in that way: he can say that he fondly hopes no presumptuous superstructure will partially conceal the shapeliest of heads from his admiring gaze between the acts. Indeed, I believe the Plot against Mr. Alexander will fail because the present fashion of dress at our theatres is too becoming to be the sport of any intrigue or caprice. Even man, whose dress, as a rule, is of no account, contributes a modest note to the harmony of the "Nocturne" with his expanse of blameless linen. A cuff, a pair of sleeve-links, trifles in themselves, have their share of the picture. Why spoil it with a red necktie and a pea-jacket, and tell us they are "up" from Liverpool.

My sympathies are with the four earnest men who have issued a manifesto against the enemy of brain-workers, the London organ-grinder. The newly elected Borough Councillors are adjured by Lord Byron, Mr. Max Pemberton, Professor Flinders Petrie, and Mr. Bowden Green to suppress the "thousands of organ-grinders who perambulate our streets and squares for the purpose of grinding out an undesired noise, not only by day, but often far into the night." Unhappily, one point in this indictment is open to question. Is the noise undesired? Is it conceivable that if nobody wanted to listen to organs, they would pursue their nerve-distracting way unmolested? I believe that to most women and all children in this city the organ-grinder is a benefactor. If not, how could he subsist? If every man, woman, and child had my nerves and Mr. Pemberton's and Lord Byron's for a single day, there would be a massacre of organ-grinders before nightfall. Saffron Hill would run with their blood. They would be seen jumping off London Bridge, organs and all, to escape from the frenzy of the populace. But they thrive, and grin complacently when you threaten them. How are the Borough Councillors to save us?

## DANTE'S ITALY: THE CITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL TOWERS.

"Sentinel! alert! Sen-ti-nel! a-ler-to!" Each hour as the bell sounds across the stillness of the night comes the sonorous cry—four times echoed from one guard to another, and then again the perfect stillness. Dawn comes slowly—not with a thunderous onset. Gradually the distant Apennines, glowing with early snow, are fringed with orange light, and the blue crests of nearer hills rise from white mists. It is pleasant to have one's windows facing the sunrise, which supplies the necessary inducement to step out on to the cold brick floor. The inn is an old palazzo of the thirteenth century, a stone Gothic building with slender white marble columns between the windows. In a sort of cupboard on the stairs is a deep well, whence water is drawn for the house in large copper jugs. The only fireplace is the huge open hearth in the kitchen, where Rafaella, the beautiful *padrona*, whose photograph is sold in the little shop in front of the duomo, is making our coffee. Her hair is raven black, and her unfathomable eyes dark brown; she has high cheekbones, but is very comely. Her husband, who was busy making cartridges last evening, is just starting out for the "Caccia." He rarely shoots anything but chaffinches, and yesterday bagged the sad total of seventy. Little Ferdinando, the five-year-old son and heir, sits on a low wooden stool deep in the chimney corner drawing oxen with white chalk on a piece of slate. He is evidently being reared on the Giotto tradition. You can hear the bells of those oxen in the street now—two beautiful white creatures with great dewlaps.

I like the street of the looms best on a hot day—it is so pleasant to sit in a cool interior and watch the busy fingers while you exchange Tuscan aspirates in an idle gossip. The spinning-wheels are large and more like an Irish than a Scotch wheel, only less clumsy. The Castello belongs to a gentleman in Florence now, and his barelegged bailiff is just getting the furnace ready for finishing the fig-drying, now the sun has done the first part. I like sitting on the little short tower of the Castello—you can see all the other and taller towers from it—and at San Gimignano there are still thirteen tall towers. Less than two generations back there were fifty, and that is why it came to be called the City of the Beautiful Towers; but an earthquake tumbled a lot of them over, and others were pulled down as unsafe afterwards. Every man wanted to build his own taller and finer than his neighbours', and they were getting higher and higher, till the municipality prescribed a limit, and a mark was set on the tower of the Palazzo del Podestà above which no one might build any more. It is a grand old palace facing the Cathedral, with a handsome entry, a vaulted hall open to the street with three stone benches on either side. There is a fresco of the Virgin over the brown wooden door in the centre back, but within is no place of religious observance. It is now the theatre of San Gimignano, and the daughter of a herdsman, who is to appear in grand opera this season in Florence, makes her début to-night in her native town.

On the second floor of the beautiful Gothic Palazzo Publico, drawn in our Illustration, is the Sala del Consiglio, with walls covered with large early frescoes, where Dante himself once stood as an Ambassador from Florence, and demanded on May 7, 1299, that the Town Council should send representatives to an assembly of the Ardinghelli (Guelphs). There are frescoes in most of the rooms of the Palace, and on the third floor are two beautiful round Filippino Lippi of the Annunciation and a wonderful Pinturicchio, blue and rose-pink and white. Mary is in the clouds in glory, and each of her bare feet rests upon a cherub's head.

The chief art treasures of the town are the frescoes of the life of St. Augustine in the church of Sant' Agostino by Fra Angelico's pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli, and those in the Cathedral by Dom. Ghirlandajo. There are several twelfth-century churches, and hardly a building in the whole town that is not worth study. The hospital was founded in memory of Santa Fina, a local girl saint who died at fifteen after spending some years lying on a plank, as evidence of her extreme piety. It was founded in 1253, and all the old drug-jars, with their contents, have been carefully preserved; there are about three hundred and fifty in a room in the hospital, and as pretty a set as anyone could wish to see. I was also shown an illuminated manuscript of the life of the Santa Fina herself, with good miniatures. The director assures me he is marching with the times, and has lately insisted that the nurses shall be able to read and write!

Just outside the gate of the springs over which San Gimignano himself stands in a niche for ever (earthquakes permitting), is the long line of stone cisterns with their beautiful arches, where the women wash clothes, while they talk at the top of their voices over the hubbub of the beating and splashing that echoes from under the vaulted roof. On the slopes of the hill on every side of the town are silver-grey plantations of olive and vineyards golden with autumn. The warm red earth is easily turned with a simple wooden plough; and the sheep-girl and the ploughboy sing all day an endless song, with the refrain, "Collo stsegetsago—more tino vago." They are full of life and fun, the Tuscan people, and they live by work and not by contemplation, like the people of the South. One word more. Should Rafaella offer you on the day of your departure a "zabaione," take it in perfect faith, for her "zabaiones" are good—much too good for me to attempt to describe them. As you drive to Poggibonsi Station, seven and a half miles from San Gimignano, on your way back to Siena or Pisa or Florence or Charing Cross, the little city keeps coming into view again. When you think you have lost it for ever, it towers against the sunset till darkness gathers; and then at last only a cluster of fire-flies winks away upon the hill. I wonder if there really is such a place! Oh yes—it is mentioned in Baedeker after all.

A. HUGH FISHER.



## PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham, denied that the prosperity of the country was due entirely to Free Trade. Our manufacturing supremacy had been established by Protection. The application of steam and the discovery of gold would have given an immense impulse to trade, even if our fiscal system had remained unchanged. He did dispute the justice of Peel's policy; but it was important to note that the abolition of the Corn Laws did not reduce the price of bread. Fourteen years later Mr. Gladstone remarked in a Budget speech that food was virtually no cheaper. Cobden had expected the Americans to "dig, delve, and plough for us." He never dreamed that they would become our rivals as manufacturers. Mr. Chamberlain contended that while our foreign trade showed symptoms of decline our Colonial trade had increased by leaps and bounds. Cobden had proposed to "sever the political thread" which bound Canada to the Mother Country, and that policy of severance was still advocated. Mr. Chamberlain examined the effects of hostile tariffs on various industries. He scoffed at the cry of the big loaf and the little loaf, and caused great diversion by producing two loaves for the instruction of the meeting. One was the Free Import loaf, and the other represented the two-shilling duty, and they were so much alike that Mr. Chamberlain said it was a "sporting question" to say which was which.

At Manchester, Sir Michael Hicks Beach said that he supported on principle Mr. Balfour's policy of regaining "freedom of negotiation." If British industries were exposed to unfair treatment, he thought that retaliation was legitimate, and reminded his audience that he had supported the Sugar Convention. On the other hand, he declared that his shilling corn duty was a mistake. Sir Michael said he was no Little Englander, but a better Imperialist than Mr. Chamberlain, who had ignored India, and whose policy would sow dissension between us and the Colonies. Lord Goschen, addressing the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on the subject of tariffs, stated that he could not support any demand for general power to impose retaliatory duties; but if a special case called for heroic legislation, he would not oppose that. At Leicester, Lord Rosebery made an important announcement. He said that in view of the political crisis it behoved all Liberals to stand shoulder to shoulder. Let bygones be bygones. On the very platform where he was speaking he and his policy had been proscribed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He did not refer to that by way of recrimination. His answer now was to "fling back a message of peace." Lord Rosebery described Mr. Balfour's position as unique in our political history. He sat at the helm "with a pamphlet in each pocket"; but what his policy was nobody knew.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The London Hippodrome still retains very wisely its popular "Redskins" sketch, staged as it is with such marvellous spectacular realism; but the management is ever changing its always admirably varied "variety" entertainment. Among the chief members of its company just now are Cinquevalli, whose skill in juggling needs no new recommendation; Inaudi, known as the "lightning" calculator, and Woodward's seals. Children of whatever age will find the Hippodrome just "the place for a holiday."

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THE KING'S  
BIRTHDAY.

Although a cordial interest in the City of London has always characterised our Sovereigns, none of them had paid the Metropolis the added compliment of being born on Lord Mayor's Day until the advent sixty-two years ago of our present King. The City fathers lost no time in proceeding to Buckingham Palace, where the Heir-Apparent was presented to them in due form. On Nov. 9, 1903, the usual loyal and gracious compliments were exchanged between the Sovereign and the Chief Magistrate. His Majesty spent his birthday at Sandringham, where there was the usual house-party, and in the afternoon the estate workpeople were entertained. In the evening their Majesties gave a dinner-party, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. At night Clubland was illuminated.

THE LORD MAYOR'S  
SHOW.

Dark November, the time of civic elections and pageantry, fulfilled its title in honour of the Lord Mayor's Show of 1903. To gloom was added drenching rain, but this did not deter the appearance in the streets of thousands of spectators eager to watch the passing of the annual pageant. This year saw several innovations. The old triumphal cars were done away with, and the procession was largely a Volunteer parade. All the London corps were represented, and the variety of the Metropolitan uniforms came as a pleasant surprise to many of the onlookers. The Lord Mayor's escort was provided by the City of London (Roughriders) Imperial Yeomanry, who looked extremely picturesque in their beautiful blue cloaks, which contrasted finely with the coats of their white chargers. It was news to many that the City now possesses an Imperial Yeomanry regiment of its own, a corps of which Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Maitland has every reason to be proud. The pipe band of the boys from the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and the sailor boys from the *Warspite* and the *Arethusa*, lent diversity to the scene. In the course of the progress, the Lord Mayor paid the customary visit to the Law Courts, where he was welcomed by the Lord Chief Justice. Why the Lord Mayor's Show should continue is a puzzle to the philosophic mind, but in its new form it may possibly have earned a right to further existence as a means of recruiting the Volunteers.

THE GUILDHALL  
BANQUET.

Banquet at the Guildhall on the evening of Nov. 9. Among the guests were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Foreign Minister, the United States Ambassador, and other representatives of the Powers. Conspicuous were the new Colonial Secretary and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The chief point of interest of the Guildhall Banquet on Nov. 9 is always the Prime Minister's speech. This year Mr. Balfour found a sympathetic audience for the fine eulogy and appreciation of Lord Salisbury which he pronounced at the opening of his address. Mr. Balfour announced that he would avoid the Fiscal question, and he passed to the discussion of the Alaska Award. He contended that the loss to Canada in territory is nothing to her gain by the fact that a subject of dispute is for ever removed from between two great allied and closely connected countries. It was an evening of eulogies on the departed, and Mr. Choate took occasion to pay a fine poetical tribute

to the memory of Sir Michael Herbert. He proposed that Herbert's name should be bestowed on some magnificent peak on the Alaskan Boundary line.

LORD ESHER'S  
COMMITTEE.

Lord Esher, Admiral Sir John Fisher, and Colonel Sir George Clarke, Governor of Victoria, have been appointed as a Committee to advise the War Office as to the creation of a Military Board. Lord Esher has already proposed that the administration of the War Office should be



Photo. Biograph Co.  
VISCOUNT ESHER, K.C.B.  
(CHAIRMAN),



Photo. Russell.  
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN A.  
FISHER, G.C.B.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
COL. SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM  
CLARKE, R.E., K.C.M.G.

## THE NEW WAR OFFICE ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

modelled on that of the Admiralty. The Navy is managed by a Board consisting of experts and the Parliamentary head of the Department. There is a difference of opinion as to the powers of the Sea Lords. It has been contended that they are responsible colleagues of the First Lord, and that he cannot act without their



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE LORD ROWTON,  
DISRAELI'S SECRETARY AND FOUNDER  
OF THE ROWTON HOUSES.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR CHARLES  
NICHOLSON,  
AUSTRALIAN POLITICIAN.

consent; but this is disputed by Admiral Seymour, who says that since 1869 the First Lord has been responsible to nobody but his colleagues in the Cabinet and to Parliament. It will be of very little use to tinker the War Office so as to perpetuate the conditions in which the Secretary of State can disregard the advice of his military experts. If the office of Commander-in-Chief is abolished, there should be a Chief of the Staff, who will

manuscript of an "official" life of Lord Beaconsfield, or to whom has he, in turn, left the letters and papers bequeathed to him by the great Victorian statesman? The issue should be interesting. Lord Rowton was evidently a believer in his chief's dictum that the most remarkable, the most self-sustained and powerful sentence he knew was "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and stayed his hand. For other and more active charities he is even better known, and it was his energy that caused the establishment and the success of the "poor man's hotels" that bear his name. Montagu

William Lowry-Corry, first Baron Rowton, was born on Oct. 8, 1838, the son of the Right Hon. Henry Thomas Lowry-Corry, First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Derby, and a sister of Lord Shaftesbury, through whom he doubtless inherited his philanthropic tendencies. Educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was in due course called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and, until he became private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, in 1866, practised assiduously. His connection with the great Conservative leader was of the most intimate nature. He was constantly at his side in public and private, even accompanying him to the Berlin Conference as joint acting secretary to the British Plenipotentiaries; and, as a holder of the Disraelian traditions, was frequently consulted by Queen Victoria after his chief's death. The peerage, created in 1880, becomes extinct.

The feud between the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Irish People*, pursued with great vigour since the signing of the Land Conference report, has had an issue that was not altogether unexpected. Mr. William O'Brien, the champion of moderation, has succumbed before the pertinacity of Mr. Thomas Sexton and his irreconcilables; has decided to stop the publication of the *Irish People*, the only organ that has recently expressed the views of Nationalists inclined to take advantage of the terms of the Land Act; has severed his connection with the United Irish League; and has, for the second time, resigned his seat in Parliament. Mr. O'Brien has had a political career as strenuous as his most ardent countrymen could desire; he has been prosecuted for political offences nine times, and has spent over two years in prison. He was elected to Parliament for his native town in 1883, and has represented the Southern Division of Tyrone, the North-Eastern Division of Cork, and Cork City.

Mr. Walter Egerton, C.M.G., at present British Resident in Negri Sembilan, succeeds Sir Ralph Moon as High Commissioner of Southern Nigeria.

Sir Charles Nicholson, who died on Nov. 8 in his ninety-fourth year, had the honour of being Australia's first Baronet and oldest statesman. Charles Nicholson, having graduated as M.D. with high honours at Edinburgh University, landed in "New Holland" in 1833, settled on some property of his uncle's near Sydney,

practised his profession, became a partner in a sheep-station, and speedily identified himself with the social and political interests of the colony. His name has been chiefly associated with the University of Sydney, which he founded, and of which he was for many years Chancellor; but he has other strong claims to remembrance. A member of the first Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, he was prominent in its deliberations, and thrice its Speaker. He married a Miss Keightley in 1865, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Charles Archibald, the draughtsman and architect.

Sir Robert Cranstoun, the new Lord Provost of Edinburgh, is a well-known merchant of that city, and, as its treasurer, was knighted by the King on the occasion of his visit last spring. He is a keen Volunteer, was one of the first to join the ranks of

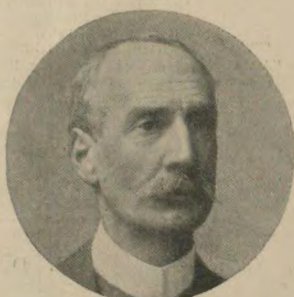


Photo. Drummond Shiels.  
SIR ROBERT CRANSTOUN,  
NEW LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.



Photo. S. G. Bain.  
MR. MCCLELLAN,  
NEW MAYOR OF NEW YORK.



Photo. Fradelle and Young.  
MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN,  
M.P. FOR CORK (RESIGNED).

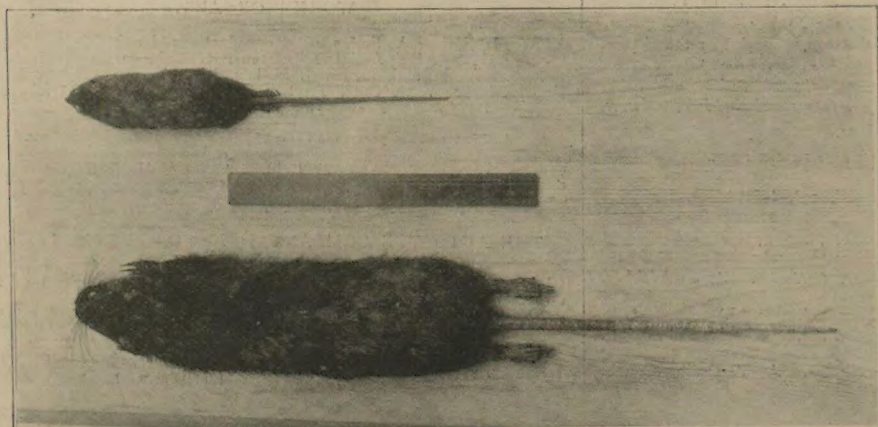


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. WALTER EGERTON, C.M.G.,  
NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER OF  
SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

have nothing to do with the financial administration of the Army, but will give his mind entirely to questions of strategy, as Moltke did.

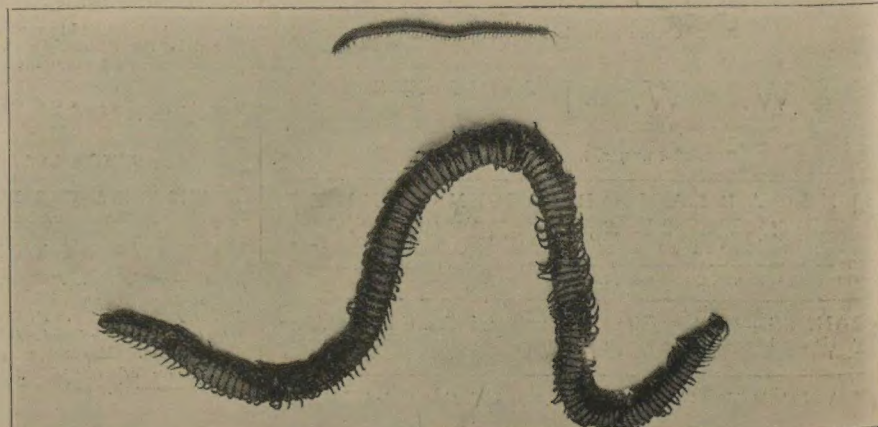
## OUR PORTRAITS.

The death of Lord Rowton on Nov. 9 opens two questions of lasting importance to the literary man and politician. Has Lord Rowton left the



THE GIANT RAT COMPARED WITH THE ENGLISH BLACK RAT.

This huge rat, which measures twenty-nine and a half inches in length, comes from the Arua River, British New Guinea. This photograph is reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Oldfield Thomas.



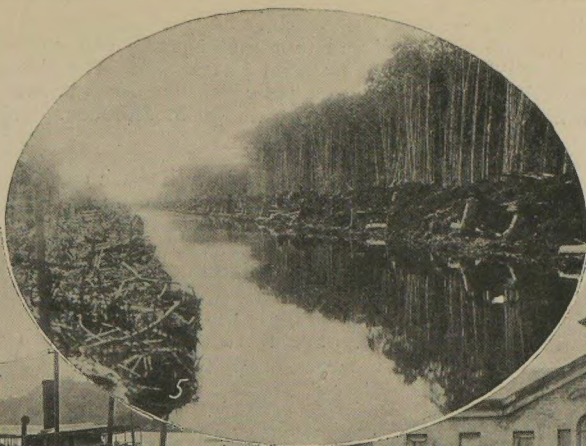
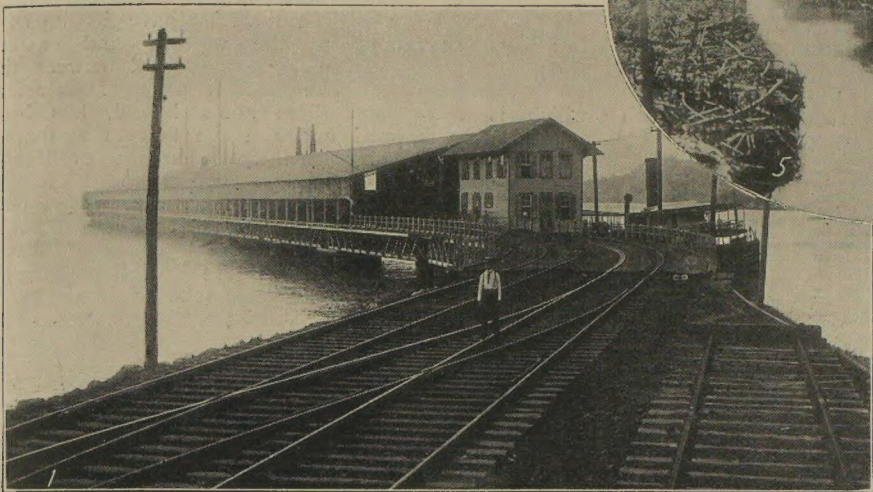
THE GIANT CENTIPEDE COMPARED WITH THE ENGLISH VARIETY.

The centipede measures eleven inches. The small specimen beside it belongs to the same group, and is of the average size. This photograph is reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. R. I. Pocock.

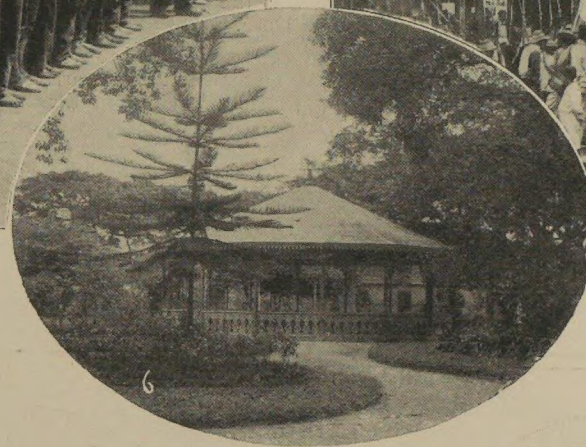
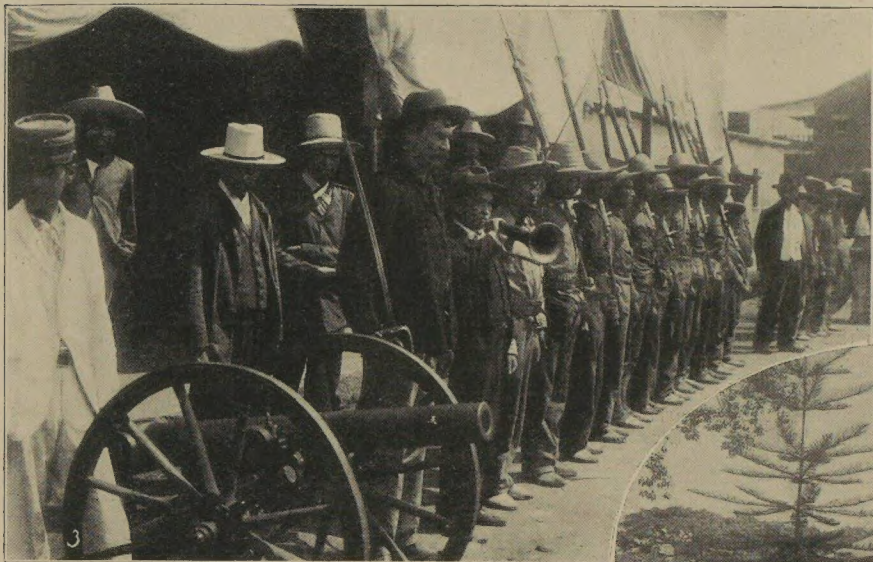
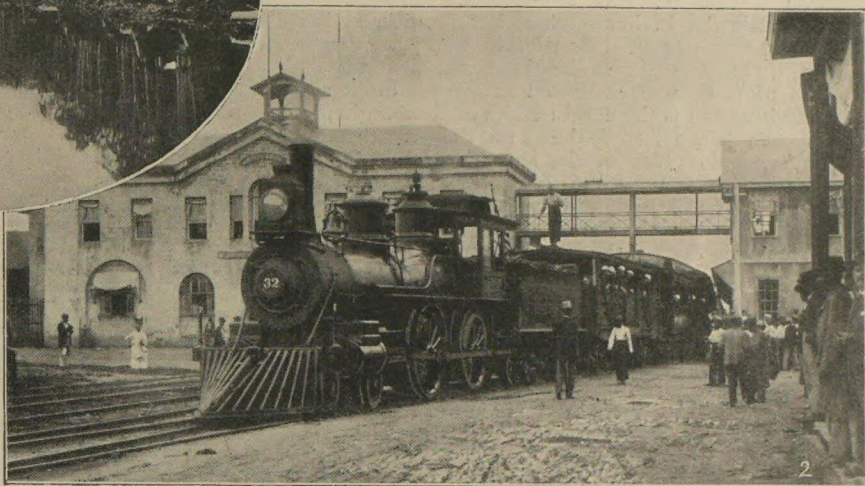
A GIANT RAT AND CENTIPEDE LATELY ADDED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT.



THE PROBABLE SOLUTION OF THE PANAMA  
CANAL DIFFICULTY:

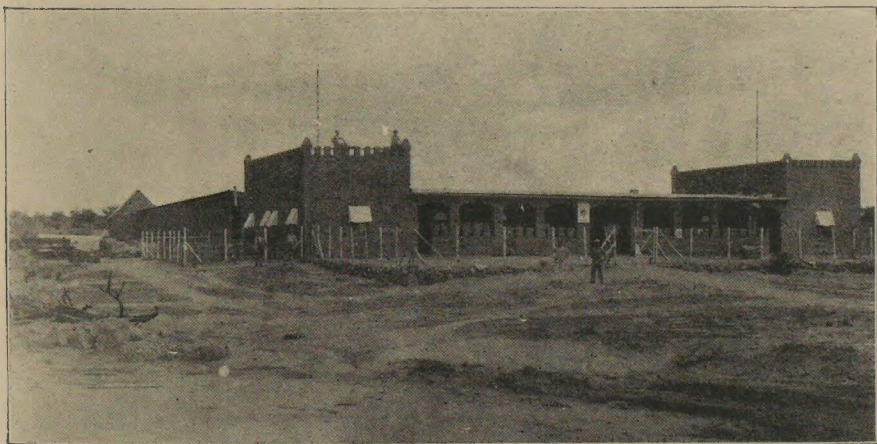


PANAMA'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE  
AND SECESSION FROM COLOMBIA.

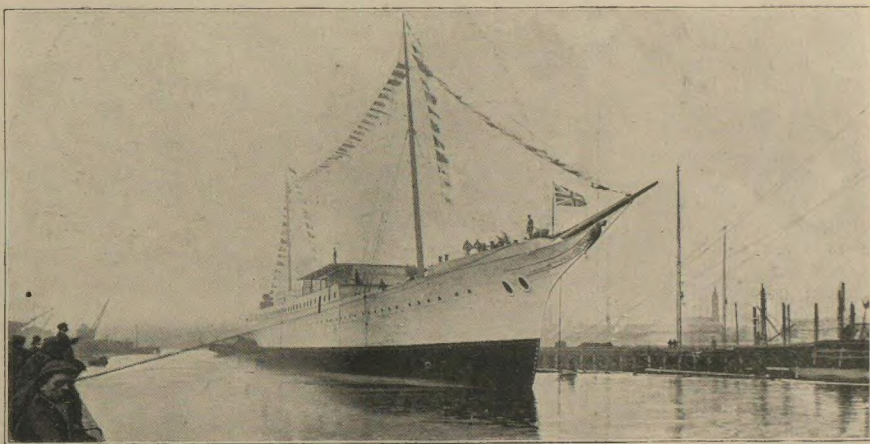


1. A PIER ON THE PANAMA RAILWAY.  
3. TYPES OF PANAMA TROOPS.  
5. A VIEW ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

2. THE RAILWAY STATION AT PANAMA.  
4. COLOMBIAN TROOPS AT COLON.  
6. THE BANDSTAND IN THE PARK, COLON.



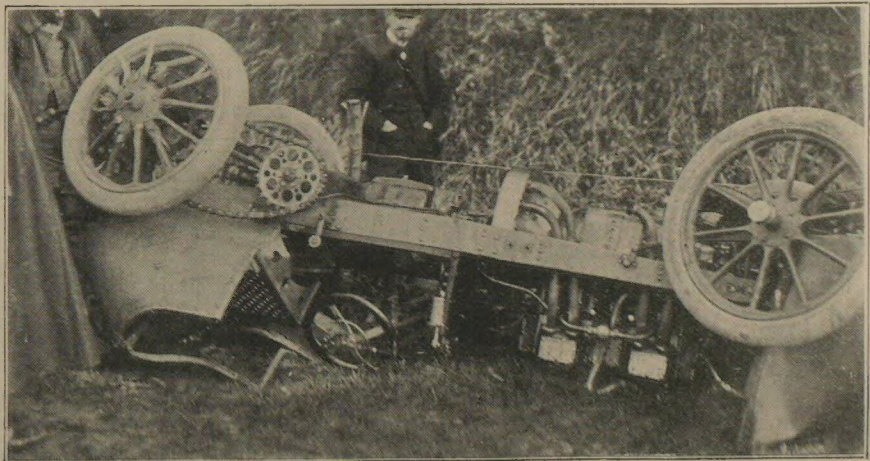
THE HOTTENTOT RISING IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: WARMBAD, THE SCENE  
OF THE OUTBREAK.  
*The German station at Warmbad was burned down by the rebels.*



THE NEW ADMIRALTY YACHT "ENCHANTRESS," LAUNCHED AT BELFAST,  
NOVEMBER 7.  
*The vessel, which was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, was christened by Mrs. Arnold-Forster.*



THE MAKING OF AN UNDERGROUND TRAM-LINE IN LONDON: THE WORKS BEHIND  
THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE.  
*The new line will run from Waterloo to Gray's Inn Road. The roof of the tunnel will be two feet below the level of the ground.*



THE FATAL MOTOR ACCIDENT IN FRANCE: THE WRECK OF THE  
CHAMPION DANJEAN'S CAR.  
*Danjean, the motor champion, was killed during a race at Gaillon on November 8. In trying to avoid his rival, Brasier, Danjean upset his car, which fell above him.*



the Queen's Edinburgh Brigade, and can boast that for a quarter of a century he never missed a parade. Special Staff studies in London and at Aldershot earned him the distinction of being the first Volunteer officer to be appointed Adjutant to his own corps.

The marriage of Miss May Goelet, daughter of Mr. Ogden Goelet, adds yet another American to the list of British peeresses, but an American who is already well known on this side of the Atlantic. Since her father's death, her mother, her brother, and herself have spent most of their time in Europe. The Duchess will, by the time she is five-and-twenty, have control of a fortune estimated at twenty million dollars. Her husband is the eighth Duke of Roxburghe, and was born on July 25, 1876, the son of the seventh Duke and Anne, daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. He is a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and served with the Household Cavalry composite regiment during the recent South African War.

The forces of corruption have conquered New York. Mr. Low, the Reform Mayor, has been defeated by Mr. McClellan, the Tammany candidate. Mr. McClellan, son of General McClellan, is personally a reputable citizen; but he is in the hands of Murphy and "bosses" of the same stamp. The majority is so large that the compact between Republicans and Democrats to keep the Tammany "tiger" chained up has clearly broken down. Many Democrats must have voted for Mr. McClellan for strictly party reasons. By recovering control of New York, they make possible the defection of the State from the Republicans at the Presidential election. Compared with this issue, the decent administration of New York City counted for nothing in their eyes. Tammany means nothing less than government by blackmail, and the encouragement of every abomination in a great city that can be made to fill the coffers of the "bosses." Two years ago the revolt of decency and probity in New York scotched the evil, but there is no killing it. Evidently the average man who would not dream of employing Tammany methods in his own business can see no great harm in them for municipal affairs, provided that his party profits by their ascendancy.

#### THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

From Sandringham on Nov. 10 their Majesties officially notified in the "Court Circular" that they had received the gratifying intelligence of the betrothal of her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Albany, their Majesties' niece, to his Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck. Their impending marriage has the King's entire sanction and approval. As both the contracting parties are within the succession, the King will in due course signify in Council his approval of the match. Princess Alice of Albany, who is the daughter of the Duchess of Albany and sister of the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is twenty years of age. Prince Alexander, who is the third son of the late Duke of Teck and the well-beloved Princess Mary of Cambridge, is the Princess of Wales's youngest brother. He is twenty-nine years of age and holds a captain's commission in the 7th Hussars. In the South African War he gained the Distinguished Service Order.

#### THE KAISER'S HEALTH.

It came as a surprise to the world to hear on the evening of Nov. 8 that the German Emperor had undergone an operation for polypos in the upper part of the larynx. The mention of such a disorder, and in particular of the locality, at once raised apprehensive reminiscences of the terrible throat affection which resulted in the untimely death of the Emperor Frederick. It was reassuring, however, to hear on the highest medical authority that there was no malignant growth, that the wound was small, and that his Majesty's condition was perfectly satisfactory. Professor Moritz Schmidt was the operator.

#### LORD LANSDOWNE ON MOROCCO.

In reply to a deputation representing traders with Morocco, Lord Lansdowne has said that, "whatever be the result of passing events in Morocco, his Majesty's Government will make it their business to see that the trade of this country

shall in future enjoy the same equality of opportunity which it enjoys now," and that that equality of opportunity would be secured by solid guarantees. He also stated that it would be the policy of the Government to bring about a better state of things in Morocco.

#### CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.

The tour of the English cricket team in Australia opened at Adelaide in excellent style, much better indeed than many pessimists had prophesied. In its first innings Mr. Warner's team scored 483 for eight wickets and then declared, Hayward contributing 157, Lilley 91, and the captain 65 to the total. South Australia replied with



Photo. Edward Hughes.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.



Photo. Mayall.

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

172 for its first innings; and 343 for seven wickets in its second innings. The time limit having been reached, the game was declared a draw.

#### MONT PELÉE.

Since the disastrous eruptions of 1902 Mont Pelée has undergone the most remarkable changes of contour. Formerly its outline was rather gently undulating, but now with the formation of the new cone it is jagged and abrupt. On the new cone is an extraordinary spine, which has undergone curious changes, and which presents the weirdest effects as seen through a shifting veil of cloud. In certain aspects it resembles nothing so much as the pinion of some evil spirit as imagined by Gustave Doré.

#### THE WARMBAD INCIDENT.

The report that the garrison of Warmbad, German South-West Africa, had been massacred has fortunately been discounted by the German Colonial Office, which knows of only one lieutenant and one sergeant being killed and one soldier wounded. The first telegrams stated that the town had been burned by the Bondelswart tribe and the whole of the Germans killed; the British

#### ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN SCOTLAND.

For a considerable time the Glasgow Archaeological Society and the Scottish Society of Antiquaries have been carrying out excavations at the western and eastern ends respectively of the Antonine Wall between the Forth and Clyde. The ancient Port of Camelon, which is now about three miles inland, has been accurately mapped out, and the famous system of concentric circular earthworks known as Rough Castle, near Falkirk, has also been delineated. Most interesting of all are the Roman military pits, of which no examples have hitherto been known. Their construction accords exactly with the description given by Cæsar in the "Commentaries," Book VI., Chapter 73, in connection with the Siege of Alesia. The pits lie to the north-west of the fort.

#### THE FAR EAST.

A Berlin journal, *Der Osten*, which reflects the feeling of the Japanese in Europe, has expressed the view that any improvement in the relations between Japan and Russia is impossible. War it regards as inevitable in the long run, and it is therefore desirable that the outbreak of hostilities should be speedy. The journal in question further considers that a quick resort to the last argument of Kings would make for the ultimate repose of the two nations most concerned and of the whole world. There have been curious rumours of a Russo-German Alliance, as a sort of offset to that existing between Great Britain and Japan, but the idea is wholly scouted in official circles. All the indications, indeed, now point to the improbability of an appeal to arms.

#### THE BALKANS.

Disgust and indignation have been aroused in Vienna by the Sultan's reply to the Austro-Russian Note embodying the scheme of reform for Macedonia. In view of Abdul Hamid's virtual rebuff, the only course which dignity leaves open to the two Powers in question is to appoint a time within which Turkey will accept the joint proposals, this further communication to be backed with a pretty broad hint that further delay may necessitate coercive measures. With the Porte it is also a question of dignity, from another point of view; for it is urged that the Sultan as Sovereign and Caliph could not have accepted the scheme. Nor is his Imperial Majesty without his own grievance, for he has lost, be it noted, no less than 1000 Albanians killed and 350 exiled. This, of course, is a serious consideration, and calls for summary justice on Macedonia, with regard neither to age nor sex. The proportion of Macedonian slain necessary to avenge each Albanian is no doubt assessed on the loftiest principles of Ottoman Imperial equity.

#### THE INDEPENDENCE OF PANAMA.

The continual ferment of the Central American States was accentuated on Nov. 3 by the outbreak of a revolution whereby Panama declared its separation from Colombia, and set up an independent Republic. The new Government, which consists of three Consuls and a Cabinet, has been recognised by the United States. The great effect of this revolution will be that the questions which obstructed the completion of the Panama Canal will be finally laid to rest, and the work will be finished in due course. The United States has intimated its obligation to secure that there shall be no interruption to traffic across the Isthmus. Switzerland has supplied a model for the new Government, and its recognition by the United States has been dealt with in an official communication issued by Mr. Hay. This document sets forth that the action of President Roosevelt in Panama was not only in strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity and in line with all the best precedents of the United States public policy; but it was the only course that could have been taken in compliance with treaty rights and obligations. The United States war-ships have proceeded to Colon to maintain order.

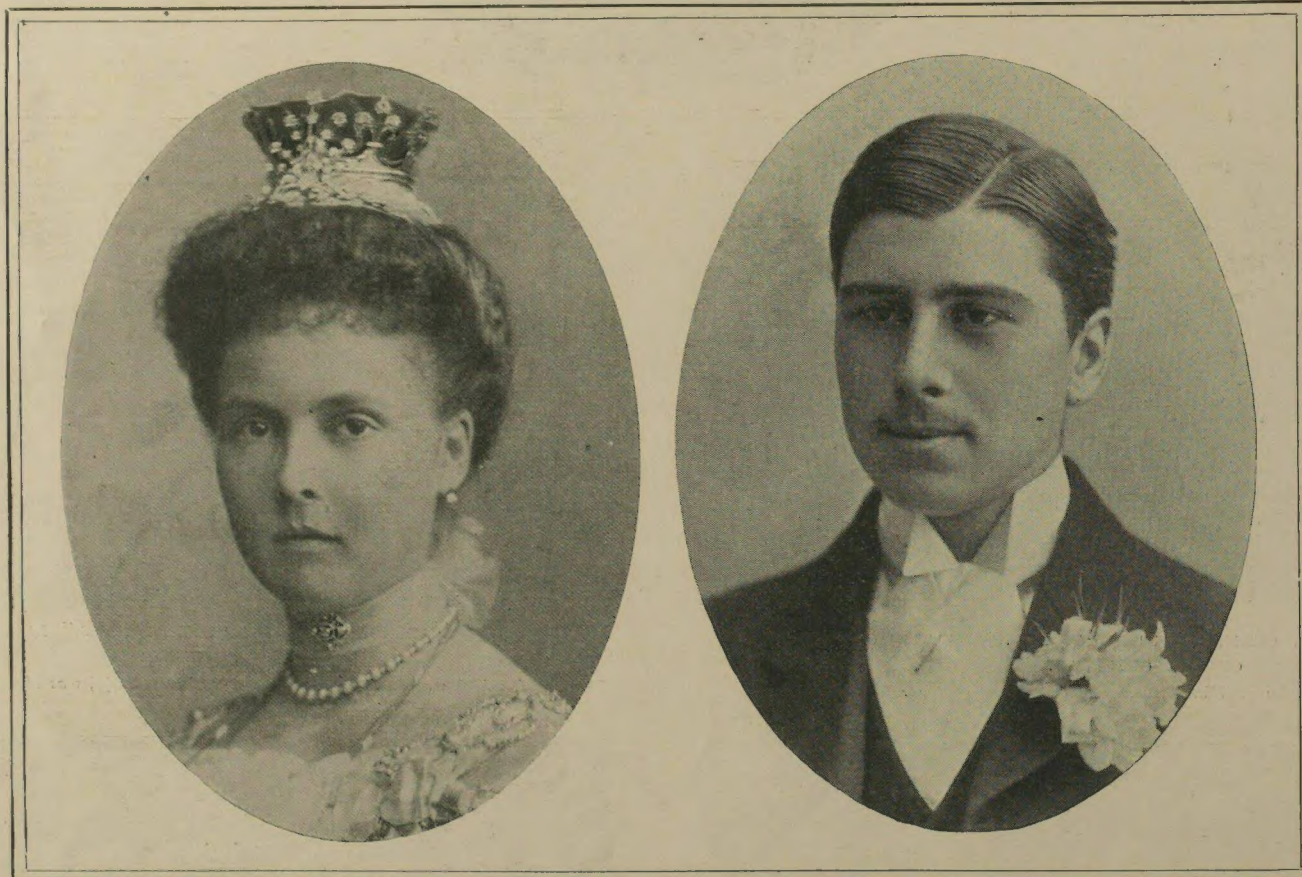


Photo. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

#### THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

inhabitants being taken prisoners. One account states that the rising was due to distress consequent upon the drought; another has it that the Bondelswarts refused to deliver their rifles to the Germans for registration; that, after an altercation, the officer commanding in the town shot the chief; and that, as a result, the tribe immediately attacked the soldiers.

#### THE KING OF ITALY'S VISIT.

The official programme announces that the King and Queen of Italy will arrive at Windsor on Nov. 17, and the following day they will drive to Frogmore, and on

rest, and the work will be finished in due course. The United States has intimated its obligation to secure that there shall be no interruption to traffic across the Isthmus. Switzerland has supplied a model for the new Government, and its recognition by the United States has been dealt with in an official communication issued by Mr. Hay. This document sets forth that the action of President Roosevelt in Panama was not only in strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity and in line with all the best precedents of the United States public policy; but it was the only course that could have been taken in compliance with treaty rights and obligations. The United States war-ships have proceeded to Colon to maintain order.



THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: SOME PROMINENT RECIPIENTS.



*Photo. Barraud.*  
GEN. LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR,  
Lieutenant of the Tower of London.  
(*New K.C.V.O.*)



*Photo. Tear.*  
MR. ALAN R. MANBY,  
Surgeon-Apothecary to the King  
and Queen at Sandringham.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Russell.*  
VICE-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES  
BURESFORD, K.C.V.O.,  
Commander of the Channel Fleet.  
(*New K.C.B.*)



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. HARRY S. SAMUEL,  
M.P. for the Limehouse Division.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Maull and Fox.*  
VICE-ADMIRAL JOHN FELLOWES,  
Second in Command of the Channel  
Squadron.  
(*New K.C.B.*)



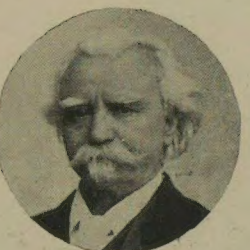
*Photo. Russell.*  
ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE,  
Commander-in-Chief on the China  
Station.  
(*New G.C.B.*)



*Photo. Russell.*  
ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM,  
Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.  
(*New K.C.B.*)



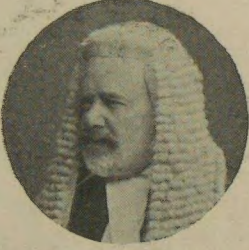
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
PROF. C. LE NEVE FOSTER, F.R.S.,  
Professor of Mining at the Royal  
School of Mines.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. AUGUST MANNS,  
Musical Director at the Crystal  
Palace.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Hills and Saunders.*  
HIS HONOUR JUDGE SNAGGE,  
County Court Judge at Oxford.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. H. A. GIFFARD,  
Bailiff of Guernsey.  
(*New Knight.*)



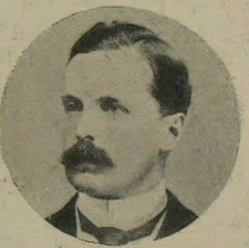
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. ERNEST FLOWER, M.P.,  
Hon. Sec. of the People's Palace.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Barraud.*  
MR. R. K. DOUGLAS,  
Keeper of Oriental Printed Books and  
MSS. at the British Museum.  
(*New Knight.*)



*Photo. Lafayette.*  
MR. LEES KNOWLES, M.P.,  
Church Estates  
Commissioner.  
(*New Baronet.*)



*Photo. Maull and Fox.*  
EARL HOWE,  
Lord Chamberlain to Queen  
Alexandra.  
(*New G.C.V.O.*)



*Photo "Jerome."*  
MR. CHARLES SCARISBRICK,  
Mayor of Southport, 1902.  
(*New Knight.*)



# THE ADVANCE OF CIVILISATION IN WEST AFRICA: THE OPENING OF THE GOLD COAST GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN ARMITAGE.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. NOV. 14. 1903.—722

THE RAILWAY IN ASHANTI: THE FIRST TRAIN ENTERING KUMASI.

October 1 saw the commencement of a new era in the history of Ashanti. On that day the town of Kumasi, which three years ago lay in ruins, was filled with kings and chiefs and thousands of their people, who came to see the entrance of the first train. The decorated engine, which drew two covered and two open trucks, was heralded by the discharge of 101 fog-signals. Passing through a dense crowd of natives, conspicuous in which were the chiefs with their gorgeous umbrellas, the train came to a standstill beside the band of the Gold Coast Regiment and a group of officers, headed by Sir Donald Stewart, Chief Commissioner of Ashanti. A luncheon followed, and the native kings and chiefs paraded Kumasi, paying each other formal visits.



# THE JADE BUTTON.

By BERNARD CAPES.



Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

THE little story I am about to tell will meet, I have no doubt, with a good deal of incredulity, not to say derision. Very well; there is the subject of it himself to testify. If you can put an end to him by any lethal process known to man, I will acknowledge myself misinformed, and attend your last moments on the scaffold.

Miss Belmont disapproved of Mrs. John Belmont; and Mrs. John Belmont hated Miss Belmont. And the visible token of this antagonism was a button.

It was of jade stone, and it was a talisman. For three generations it had been the mascot of the Belmont family, an heirloom, and symbolising in its shining disc a little local sun, as it were, of prosperity. The last three head Belmonts had all been men of an ample presence. The first of them, the original owner of the stone, having assigned it a place in perpetuity at the bottom hole of his waistcoat (as representing the centre of his system), his heirs were careful to substantiate a tradition which meant so much to them in a double sense.

Indeed, the button was as good as a blister. It seemed to draw its wearer to a head in the prosperous part of him. It was set in gold, artfully furnished at its back with a loop and hank, and made transferable from waistcoat to waistcoat, that its possessor for the time being might enjoy at all seasons its beneficent influence. In broad or long cloth, in twill or flannel, by day and by night, the button attended him, regulating indiscriminately his business and his digestion. In such circumstances, it is plain that Death must have been hard put to it to find a vulnerable place; and such was the fact. It has often been said that a man's soul is in his stomach; how, then, could it get behind the button? Only by one of those unworthy subterfuges, which, nevertheless, it does not disdain. The first Belmont lived to ninety, and with such increasing portliness that at the last a half-moon had to be cut, and perpetually enlarged, out of the dining-room table to accommodate his presence. Practically, he was eating his way through the board, with the prospect of emerging at the other end, when, in rising from a particularly substantial repast one night, he caught the button in the crack between the first slab (almost devoured), and the second, wrenched it away, and was immediately seized with apoplexy. He died; and the Destroyer, after pursuing his heir to three-score years and ten, looking for the heel of Achilles, as unworthily "got home" into him. He was lumbering down Fleet Street, one dog-day when, oppressed beyond endurance by the heat, he wrenched open—in defiance of all canons of taste and prudence—his waistcoat. The button—the button—was burst from its bonds in the act, though, fortunately—for the next-of-kin—to be caught by its hank in the owner's watch-chain. But to the owner himself the impulse was fatal. A prowling cutpurse, quick to the chance, "let out" full on the old gentleman's

bow-window, quenching its lights, so to speak, for ever; and then, having snatched the chain, incontinently doubled into the arms of a constable. The property was recovered—but for the heir; the second Belmont's bellows having been broken beyond mending.

The third met with as inglorious an end, and at a comparatively early age; for the button—as a saving clause to whatever god had thrown it down, for the fun of the thing, among men—was possessed with a very devil of touchiness, and always instant to resent the least fancied slight to its self-importance. Else had Tithonus been its wearer to this day, as—but I won't anticipate. The third Belmont, then, in a fit of colossal forgetfulness, sent the button, in a white waistcoat, to the wash. The calamity was detected forthwith, *but not in time to avert itself*. After death the doctor. Before the outraged article could be

restored to its owner and victim, he had died of a rapid dropsy, and the button became the property of Mrs. John Belmont, his relict and residuary legatee, who—

But, for the history of the button itself? Why, in brief, as it affected the Belmont family, it was this. Mr. Adolphus Belmont had been Consul at one of the five treaty ports of China about the troublous years of 1840-42. During the short time that he held office, a certain local mandarin, Elephoo Ting by name, was reported to Peking for high treason, and honoured with an imperial ukase, or invitation to forestall the headsmen. There was no doubt, indeed, that Elephoo Ting had been very strenuous, in public, in combating the intrusion of the foreign devil, while inviting him, in private, to come on and hold tight. There is no doubt, too, that in the result Elephoo and Adolphus had made a profitable partnership of it in the matter of opium,

or that the mandarin had formed a very high, and even sentimental, opinion of the business capacities of his young friend. Young, that is to say, relatively, for Adolphus was already sixty-three when appointed to his post. But, then, of the immemorial Ting's age no record actually existed. The oldest inhabitant of Ning-po knew him as one knows the historic beech of one's district. He had always been there—bland, prosperous, enormous, a smooth bole of a man radiating benevolence. And now at last he was to die. It seemed impossible.

It was impossible, save on a condition. That he confided to his odd partner and confidant, the English Consul, during a last interview. He held a carving-knife in his hand.

"Shall I accept this signal favour of the imperial sun?" he said.

"Have you any choice?" asked the Consul gloomily. "The decree is out; the soldiers surround your dwelling."

Elephoo Ting laughed softly.

"Vain, vain all, unless I discard my talisman." He produced the jade button from his cap. "This," he said, "I had from my father, when the old man sickened at last of life, desiring to be an ancestor. It renders who wears it, while he wears it, immortal; only it is jealous, jealous, and stands upon its dignity. Shall I, too, part with it, and at a stroke let in the light of ages?"

He saw the incredulity in his visitor's face, and handed him the carving-knife.

"Strike," he said. "I bid thee."

"You take the consequences?"

"All."

With infinite cynicism, Mr. Belmont essayed to tickle, just to tickle, the creature's infatuation with the steel point. It bent, where it touched, like paper. He thrust hard and ever harder, until at last he was thrashing and slicing with the implement in a sort of frenzy of horror. The mandarin stood apathetic, while the innocuous blade swept and rustled about his huge bulk like a harmless feather. Then said he, as the other desisted at length, unnerved and trembling: "Art thou convinced?"

"I am convinced," said the Consul.

Elephoo Ting handed him the button in exchange for the knife.

"Take and wear it," he said, "for my sake, whom you have pleased by outwitting, on the score of benefiting two Governments. You have the makings of a great mandarin



Thrashing and slicing in a sort of frenzy.



in you: the button will do the rest. Would you ever escape the too-soon satiety of this stodgy life, pass it on, with these instructions which I shall give you, to your next-of-kin. Be ever deferential to the button and considerate of its vanity, for it is the fetish of a sensitive but indiscriminating spirit. So long as you cherish it, you will prosper. But the least apparent slight to itself, it will revenge, and promptly. As for me, I have an indigestion of the world that I would cure."

And with the words he too became an ancestor. Then riches and bodily amplitude came to Adolphus Belmont, until the earth groaned under his importance. He was a spanker, and after him Richard Belmont was a spanker, and after him John Belmont was a very spanker of spanks, even at thirty-two, when he committed the last enormous indiscretion which brought him death and his fortunes almost ruin. For the outrage to the button had been so immeasurable that, not content with his obliteration, it must manoeuvre likewise to efface the accumulations of fortune which it had brought him by involving in a common ruin most of the concerns in which that fortune was invested, so that his widow found herself left, all in a moment, a comparatively poor woman.

And here Mrs. John Belmont comes in. She was a little woman, of piquancy and resource, and a very accomplished angler of men. She could count on her pink finger-tips the ten most killing baits for vanity. And, having once recovered the button, she set herself to conciliating it with a thousand pretty kisses and attentions. It lived between the bosom of her frock and the ruff of her dainty nightgown. Yet for a long time it sulked, refusing to be coaxed into better than a tacit staying of its devastating hand. And so matters stood when the Assembly ball was held.

Miss Emma Belmont and Mrs. John Belmont lived in the same town, connections, but apart. Their visits were visits of ceremony—and dislike. Miss Emma was Mr. John's sister, and had always highly disapproved of his marriage with the "adventuress." Her very name, she thought, bordered on an impropriety! How could any "Inez" dissociate herself from the tradition of cigarretto-stained lips and white eyeballs travelling behind a fan like little moons of coquetry? This one, in fact, took no trouble to. Her reputation involved them in a common scandal; and it was solely on this account, I think, that she so resented her sister-in-law's appropriation of the button. She herself was devoted to good works, and utterly content in her mission. She did not want the button; but, inasmuch as it was a Belmont heirloom, and Mrs. John childless, she chose to symbolise in it the bone of contention, and to use it as a convenient bar to amenities which would otherwise have seemed to argue in her a sympathy with a mode of life with which she could not too emphatically wish to disconnect herself.

They met at the Assembly ball. Miss Belmont, though herself involved in the financial ebb, had considered it her duty to respect so respectable an occasion, and even to adorn it with a silk of such inflexibility that (I tremble as I write it) one could imagine her slipping out of it through a trap, like the vanishing lady, and leaving all standing. Presently Mrs. John Belmont, with a wicked look, floated up to her.

"You here, Inez!" exclaimed Miss Emma, affecting an amazement which, unhappily, she could not feel.

The other flirted and simpered. When she smiled one could detect little threads drawn in the fine powder near the corners of her mouth. There was no ensign of widowhood about her. She ruffled with little gaudy downs and feathers, like a new-fledged bird of paradise.

"Yes, indeed," she said. "And I've brought Captain Naylor, who's been dining with me. Shall I introduce him to you?"

Miss Belmont's sense of decorum left her speechless.

Inez, on the contrary, rippled out the most china-tinkling laugh.

"You dear old thing," she tittered. "Don't look so shocked. I knew you'd be here to chaperon me, and—" She came a step closer. "Yes, the button's there, Emma. You may stare; but make up your mind, I'm not going to part with it."

Miss Belmont found herself, and responded quietly—"I hope not indeed, Inez. I don't ask or expect you. You might multiply it to-night by a dozen, and only offend me less."

Mrs. John laughed again, rather shrilly. "Oh, fie!" she said. "Why, even you haven't a high-necked dress, you know."

And then a very black and red man, in a jam-pot collar and a voice like a rook, came and claimed her.

"Haw, Mrs. Belmont! Aw—er, dance, I think."

Miss Belmont, to save appearances, rigidly sat out the evening. When at last she could endure no more, she had her fly called and prepared to go home. She was about to get into it, when she observed a familiar figure standing among the few midnight loafers who had gathered without the shadow of the porch.

"Hurley!" she exclaimed.

The man, after a moment, slouched reluctantly forward, touching his hat. He had once been her most favoured protégé—a rogue and irreclaimable, whom she had persuaded, temporarily, from the devil's service to her own. He had returned to his master, but with a reservation of respect for the practical Christian. Miss Belmont was orthodox, but she had a way with sinners. She pitied and fed and trusted them. She was a member of the Prisoners' First Aid Society, with a reverence for the law and a weakness for the lawless. Her aim was to reconcile the two, to interpret, in a yearning charity, between the policeman

and the criminal, who at least, in the result, made a common cause of honouring her. Inez asserted that, living, as she did, very nervously alone on the outskirts of the town, she had adopted this double method of propitiation for the sake of her own security. But, then, Inez had a forked tongue, which you would never have guessed from seeing the little scarlet tip of it caressing her lips.

Well, Miss Belmont had once coaxed Jim Hurley into being her handy man, foreseeing his redemption in an innocent association with flowers and the cult of the artless cabbage. He proved loyal to her, gained her confidence, knew all about the button and other matters of family moment. But the contiguity of the kitchen-garden with Squire Thornycroft's pheasant-coops was too much for hereditary proclivities. He stole eggs, sold them, was detected, prosecuted, sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, and disappeared. Miss Belmont herself met him on his discharge from the jail gates, but he was not to be induced to return. The wild man was in his brain, and off he had gone, with Parthian shots of affection, in quest of fun. And for two years she had not seen him again until to-night, when his scratch of red hair and beard—which always looked as if he had just pulled his head out of a quickset—suddenly blew into flame before her. And then there followed a shock of distress.

"Jim! Why, what's happened? What's the matter with you?"

There was no need to specify. The man was obviously going off his tramp—nearing the turn of the dark road. He was ghastly, and constantly gave little spasmodic wrenching coughs during the minute he stood beside her.

"Well," he gasped, "I dunno. The rot have got in my stummick. I be all touchwood inside like an old ellum."

"Will you come and see me?"

"Es. By'm-by."

"Why not now? Where are you going to sleep?"

He grinned, and coughed, half suffocated, as he backed.

"I've—got my plans, Missis. You—leave me alone."

It did not sound gracious. One would not have guessed by it his design, which was nothing less than a jolly throw against the devil in the teeth of death. Miss Belmont, a little hurt, but more sad, got into her fly and was driven home. Arrived there, she sat up an hour contemplative. She was just preparing to go to bed in the grey dawn, when she heard the garden-gate click and footsteps rapidly traverse the path to the front door. Her heart seemed to stop. She stole trembling into the hall. "Who's there?" she demanded in a quavering voice. The answer came, with a clearness that made her start, through the letter-box.

"Me, Missus—Jim Hurley."

Amazed, and a little embarrassed, she opened. The man burst, almost fell in, and staggering, recovered himself.

"Ere!" he said, with eager manipulation trying to force something upon her. "I've done 'er! I've got it for yer! Take it—make 'aste—they're arter me. It's yourn as by rights, and she's got to crow on the wrong side of 'er woundy little mouth."

But Miss Belmont, with instinctive repulsion, had put her hands behind her back and retreated before him.

"Jim!" she said sickly. "What have you got? What do you mean? I'll take nothing from you."

"Oh, go along!" he insisted. His cough was gone. He seemed animated with a new masterfulness. "Ain't I in the know? It's yourn, anyhow, and"—his eye closed in an ineffable rapture—"I done the devil out of his own when I heard I be booked to go to him. He'll pay me, I reckon; but I don't care. You take it. It's your dooty as a good woman."

"No, no," cried Miss Belmont, beating him away with her hands. "Don't let me even see it to know. How could you suppose such a thing? Take it back while you've time."

B's 33 and 90 wore their list-footed boots; but Jim's ear was a practised one. Swiftly summoned, they had raced on his tracks from the Assembly Rooms. He had known it, and had laboured merely to keep his start of them by three minutes—two—one. Now while their sole was yet on the threshold, he darted into the dining-room and was under the table at a dive. They had him out and handcuffed, of course, in a jiffy; and then they stood to explain.

"Well, you ain't a cheeked one neither, Hurley! To run up here of all places for cover! Don't you mind him, Miss." (She stood pale and shivering. "The shock!" she had murmured confusedly.) "Why," said 33, "the man was heard by plenty proposing of hisself to visit you; and looked to your hold kindness to him to take and shelter, is supposed."

She found voice to ask: "What's he done?"

"Done!" said 33. "Why, bless you, Miss! Treating of you as if you was in collusion, ain't it?" (She shivered.) "Why, he grabbed a jewel—a gold button, as I understand—out o' the buzzin' o' your own-late brother's good lady as she was a-stepping into her broom, and bolted with it. It'll be on 'im now if we're lucky."

"You ain't then, old cock," said Jim, with a little hoarse laugh and choke.

"Chuck it!" said 90, a saturnine man.

"That's what I done, Kroojer," said Jim. "You go and 'unt in the bloomin' 'edges if you don't believe me."

"It's my duty to tell you," said 33, "that whatever you says will be took down in evidence agen you."

"Not by you," said Jim. "Why, you can't spell."

They carried him off dispassionately, with some rough, kindly apologies to Miss Belmont for the trouble to which they had put her. She locked and bolted the door when they were gone; mechanically saw to the lamps, and went upstairs to bed in a sort of stunned dream. So she committed herself to the sheets, and so, in a sort of waking delirium, passed the remaining hours of slumber. She felt as if the even tenor of her way, her stream of placid days, had been suddenly dammed by a dead body, the self-destroyed corpse of her own character. Sometimes she would start from a suffering negation to feel B 90's hand upon her shoulder. "What have I done—Oh! what have I done?" she would moan in anguish; and B 90 would glower from under his helmet like a passionless Rhadamanthus—

"What have you done? What but, like our second Henry, meanly, by inference and innuendo, imposed upon your wretched tool the responsibility for a deed which you dared not seek to compass by the open processes of the law. Did you dispute the right ownership of the button? Then why choose for your confidant an ex-thief and poacher? No use to say you designed no harm. By the flower be known the seed. Come along o' me!"

She rose late, ate no breakfast, and sat awaiting, pinched and grey, the inevitable ordeal. It opened, early enough, with the advent of Mrs. John. The little widow came sailing in, with a face of floured steel. When she saw, the edge of her tongue seemed to whet itself on her lips. Miss Emma broke out at once in an unendurable cry—

"Inez! You can't think I was a party to this!"

"Who said so, dear? Though the man was a protégé of yours, and was known to have remained where he encountered me by your instructions."

"It is not true."

"Isn't it? Well, at least, the plan miscarried. Now, give me the button, and I promise, to the best of my power, to hush the matter up."

"I haven't got it, indeed; oh, you must believe me! He told the policeman himself that he had thrown it away while escaping."

"Yes, yes. I give him credit for his loyalty to you. But, Emma—you know I never put much faith in your sanctimoniousness. Don't be a fool, and drive me to extremities."

"You can't mean it. I blame my covetous heart. I envied you—I admit it—this dear fetish of our family. But to think me capable of such a wickedness! Oh, Inez!"

Then Mrs. John Belmont exploded. I muffle the report. It left Miss Belmont flaccid and invertebrate, weakly sobbing that she would see Hurley; would try to get him to identify the exact spot where he had parted with the bauble; would move heaven and earth to make her guiltless restitution. Yet all the time, remembering the scene of last night, she must have known her promise vain. Jim had sought to thrust no shadow of a fact upon her. He had not thrown the button away. He alone knew where it now was; but would he so far play into the hands of her enemy as to tell? She felt faint in the horror of this doubt; and Mrs. John perceived the horror.

As for her, she was utterly hateful and incredulous. She had friends, she screamed—one in particular—who would act, and unmercifully, to see her righted. She hardly refrained from striking her sister-in-law, as she rushed out in a storm of hysterics.

And at this point I was called in—by Miss Belmont, that is to say.

I found her utterly prostrated—within step of the brink of the final collapse.

I coaxed her back, foot by foot; won the whole truth from her; laughed her terrors to scorn, and staked her my professional credit to have the matter put right, or on the way to right, by our next meeting.

And I meant it, and was confident. For that very day—though of this she did not know—I had officially ordered Jim Hurley's removal from the cell in which he had been lodged to the County Hospital. The man was dying, that was the fact; and a fact that he had known perfectly when he staked at one throw for an easy bed for himself and a repayment of his debt to his old benefactress.

He was ensconced in a little ward by himself when I visited him and sat down to my task. He cocked an eye at me from a red tangle, and grinned as if premonitory.

"Now, Hurley," I said, "I come straight from Miss Emma, by her authority, to acquaint you with the results of your deed."

"Oh!" he answered. "Hev the peelers been a-dirtyin' of their pore knees lookin' for it in the 'edgerows? I 'opes as they found it."

"You know they couldn't. You've got it yourself."

"S'elp me, I haven't!"

Then I informed him, carefully and in detail, of the awful miscarriage of his intentions. He was patently dumbfounded.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he whispered, quite amazed.

"Well, I am blowed!"

"You must undo this," I said. "There's only one way. Where is the button?"

He gauged me profoundly a moment.

"On a ledge under the table," he said. Then he thrust out a claw.

"Don't you go lettin' 'er 'ave it back," he said, "or I'll 'aunt you!"

I considered.

"You must undo what you've done," I repeated. "Don't you see? Unless you can prove that it's been in your possession all the time, and is now, her character's gone for ever. Mrs. John will see to that."

He did not, professionally, lack wits. He understood perfectly.



"You're 'er friend?" he asked.

I nodded.

"All right," he said, "you get 'old of it private, and smuggle of it 'ere, and I'll manage the rest."

"But, my good fellow! You've been overhauled, I suppose, and pretty thoroughly. How can you convince—

the patient. He had rallied wonderfully since our last encounter. He was sitting up against his pillow, his red hair fluffed out like the aureole of a dissipated angel, an expression on his face of a quite sanctimonious relish. I fancy he even winked at me.

"Now, Hurley," I said gravely, "as one on the threshold of the grave" (which, nevertheless, I had my doubts about), "speak out and tell the truth."

He cleared his throat, and started at once in a loud voice, as if repeating a lesson he had set himself—

"Earing as 'ow my rash hact 'ave brought suspicion on a inner-cent lady, I 'ereby makes affirmation of the fac's. I stole the button and 'id it in my boot, where it is now."

"No it ain't," said B go suddenly. "Stow that."

Mr. Hurley smiled pityingly.

"Oh, ain't it, Sir?" he said. "'Ow do you know?"

"Because I searched you myself," said B go shortly.

The patient, infinitely tolerant, waved his hand.

"'E searched me, ladies and gentlemen! Ho, lor! Look at 'im; I only arks that—look at 'im! Why, he doesn't even know as there's a smut on his nose at this moment." (B go hastily rubbed that organ, and remembering himself, lapsed into stolidity once more.) Mr. Hurley addressed him with exaggerated politeness—"Would you be so good, Sir, as to go and fetch my boots?"

B go thought profoundly, and officially, a minute; wheeled suddenly, withdrew, and returned shortly with the articles, very massive and muddy, which he laid on the counterpane before the prisoner. The latter, cherishing the ineffable *dénuement*, deliberately took and examined the left one, paused a moment, smilingly canvassing his company, and then quickly, with an almost imperceptible wrench and twirl, had unscrewed the heel bodily from its place and held it out.

"'Ere!" he said; and, with his arm extended,

sank back in an invertebrate ecstasy upon his pillow.

The heel was pierced with a tiny compartment on its revealed side, and within the aperture lay the button.

They all saw it, but not as I, who, standing as I did at the bed-head, and being something of an amateur conjurer myself, was conscious in a flash of the rascal "passing" the trinket into its receptacle even as he exposed it.

There followed an exclamation or two, and silence. Then Captain Naylor said "Haw!" and Miss Belmont, with a gasp, turned a mild reproachful gaze upon her sister-in-law. But Mrs. John had not the grace to accept it. She gave a little vexed, covetous laugh, and stepped forward.

"Well," she said to Miss Emma, "you must go without it still, dear, it seems." Then, coldly, to Hurley: "Give it me, please."

Now, so far so good; and, though I was enraged with, I could not combat the decision. But truly I was not prepared for the upshot.

Jim, at Mrs. John's first movement, had recovered possession of the button.

"No, you don't!" he said quite savagely. "I know all about it, and tain't yourn by rights."

"Jim, Jim," cried Miss Belmont in great agitation; "it is hers, indeed; please give it up. You don't think what you make me suffer!"

But the man was black with a lowering determination.

"Tain't," he said. "Keep off, you! I've not

thrown agen the devil for nothing. It's goin' to be Miss Emma's or nobody's."

"Not mine," cried the poor lady again. "I don't want it. Not for worlds. I wouldn't take it now!"

And then Mrs. John Belmont, in one discordant explosion of fury, gave away her case for ever.

"Insolent! Beyond endurance!" she shrieked, and whirled, with a flaming face, upon her cavalier.

"Archibald! why do you stand grinning there? Why don't you take it from him?"

Thus prompted, Archibald, in great confusion, uttered an inarticulate "Haw!" explained himself in a second and clearer one, and strode threateningly towards the bed. Watching, with glittering eyes, the advance, Jim, at the last moment, *whipped the button into his mouth and swallowed it!*

The case, as a pathological no less than as a criminological curiosity, was unique. I will state a few particulars. The button lodged in the pancreas, in which it was presently detected, comfortably ensconced, by means of the Röntgen rays. And it is a fact that, from the moment it settled there—*never* apparently (I use the emphasis with a full sense of my responsibility) to be evicted—Mr. Hurley began to recover, and from recovering to thrive—on anything. Croton-oil—I give only one instance—was a very cream of nourishment to him. Galvanic batteries but shook him into the laughter that makes fat, but without stirring the button. It was ridiculous to suggest an operation, though the point was long considered. But in the meanwhile the button had continued piling up over itself such impenetrable defences of adipose tissue that its very locality had become conjectural. The question was dropped only to give rise to another. How could one any longer detain this luxuriant man in hospital as an invalid? He was removed, therefore, beaming, to the police-court; received for some inexplicable reason a nominal sentence, dating from the time of his arrest (everything, in fact, was henceforward to prosper with him), and trundled himself out into the world, where he disappeared. I have seen him occasionally since at years-long intervals. He grows ever more sleek and portly, till the shadows of the three dead Belmonts together would not suffice to make him a pair of breeches. He has a colossal fortune; he is respectable, and, of course, respected—a genial monster of benevolence; and he never fails to remind me when we meet of the time when I could pronounce his life not worth a button.



"He grabbed a jewel."

convince, you understand—that you've kept the thing snug through it all?"

"You go and smuggle of it 'ere," he repeated doggedly.

It needed only a very little manœuvring. I hurried back to Miss Belmont's, heard the lady was still confined to her room, forbade the servant to report me, and claimed the privacy of the dining-room for the purpose of writing a prescription. The moment I was alone I made an excited and perfectly undignified plunge under the table, found the ledge (the thing, in auctioneer's parlance, was a "capital set," in four leaves, that played long or short like a concertina), and the button, which in a feverish ecstasy I pocketed. Then, very well satisfied, I hurried back to Mr. Hurley.

I found him, even in that short interval, changed for the worse; so much changed, that, in face of his condition, a certain sense of novel vigour, an overweening confidence in my own importance which had grown up, and lusty, in me during my return journey, seemed nothing less than an indecency. However, curiously enough, this mood began to ebb and sober from the very moment of my handing over the *pièce de conviction* to its purloiner. He "palmed" it professionally, cleared his throat, and took instant command of the occasion.

"Now," he said, "tell 'em I've confessed to you, and let 'em all come."

His confidence mastered the depression which had overtaken me. I returned, with fair assurance, to Miss Belmont, who received my news with a perfect rapture of relief. What she had suffered, poor good woman, none but herself might know.

"Did he own to you where he had hidden it?" she asked. And "Yes," I could answer, perfectly truthfully.

By my advice she prepared at once to go and fetch her sister-in-law to the hospital—with a friend, if she desired it—that all might witness to the details of the restitution.

In the meanwhile I myself paid a visit to the police-station, and thence returned to my post to await the arrival of my company.

It came in about an hour: Miss Belmont, tearfully expectant; Mrs. John Belmont, shrill and incredulous; an immaculate tall gentleman, Captain Naylor by name, whose chin was propped on a very high collar, that he might perpetually sniff the incense of his own superiority; and, lastly, and officially to the occasion, B go.

I lost no time in conducting them to the bedside of



They had him out and handcuffed in a jiffy.

I have, can only have, one theory. The button, after many cross adventures, "got home" at last—fatally for Mrs. John Belmont, who fell into a vicious decline upon its loss, and, tenderly nursed by her sister-in-law, departed this sphere in an uncertain year of her life.

And, unless the button itself come to dissolve, Jim, I fear, is immortal.

THE END.



# THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1903.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## INCIDENTS AND HUMOURS OF THE ANNUAL CIVIC PAGEANT OF NOVEMBER 9

A feature of the Show was the escort of the 1st City of London Yeomanry, whose appearance was a surprise to many who had not realised that the business metropolis has this fine corps of Roughriders in its midst.





FITTING UP THE KITE AT THE STARTING-POINT IN CALAIS HARBOUR.



FLYING THE KITE FOR THE SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT.



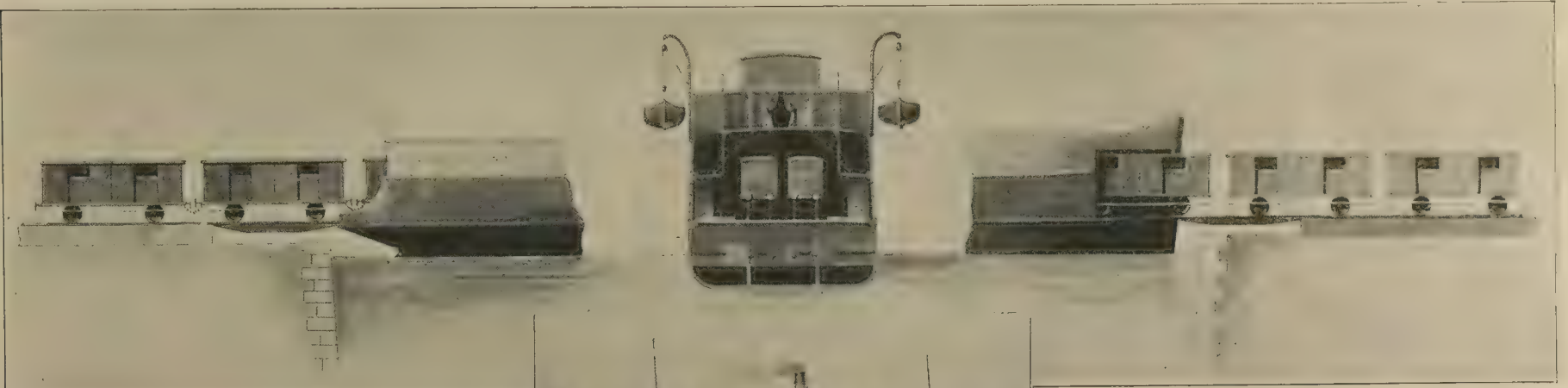
MR. CODY, WEARING HIS OILSKIN DRESS, IN THE KITE-BOAT.  
*The kite is just visible behind the front mast.*



PREPARATIONS FOR THE START: MR. CODY IN HIS BOAT WITH THE KITE  
ROLLED UP AND LAID ALONG THE GUNWALE.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL BY KITE-BOAT: MR. S. F. CODY'S SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE FROM CALAIS TO DOVER, NOVEMBER 6 AND 7.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS AGENCY.



SECTIONS SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE  
EMBARKATION BY THE STERN AND

TRAINS ON BOARD, AND THE METHOD OF  
DISEMBARKATION BY THE BOW.



THE PROPOSED SYSTEM OF CROSS-CHANNEL TRAIN FERRY-BOATS: THE METHOD OF DEPRESSING AND RAISING THE PLATFORM TO RUN THE TRAINS  
ABOARD THE VESSEL.

*By this system, promoted by the Intercontinental Railway Company, it is proposed to run the trains on board a steamer and convey them bodily across the Channel. The platform at the harbour can be raised or lowered by pulleys to adjust the rails to the height required by the tide. The small picture gives a general view of the proposed ferry-steamer.*



## FACT AND FICTION.

*Old Quebec.* By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. (London: Macmillan. 15s. net.)

*Odds and Ends.* By Dean Pigou. (London: Edward Arnold. 16s.)

*Letters Home.* By W. D. Howells. (London: Harper Brothers. 6s.)

*Verona's Father.* By David Christie Murray. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

*Side Lights on the Court of France.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (London: Hutchinson. 16s.)

Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Bryan have produced a fascinating book upon a subject that is far too little studied in this country. "Old Quebec" claims to be no more than a brief summary of the works of more laborious writers, such as Kingsford and Parkman, but it succeeds in giving a vivid account of the old city on the St. Lawrence, and its readers will acquire a very fair knowledge of the history of Canada. It is, of course, difficult to dissociate the story of a capital from that of a country, and the earlier chapters of this book enter somewhat minutely into the record of French enterprise in the New World. In the nineteenth century, however, Quebec lost some of her political importance, but she remains the most picturesque and interesting city on the American continent. The first reflection suggested by her story is one of surprise at our national good luck in the eighteenth century. There was a time in America, as in India, when the French seemed to have every prospect of permanent success. They were more enterprising than the British, and had better leaders. It is our habit to say that these French leaders were ill-supported at home, and this is, on the whole, true. But if any student of history were to write a book detailing the treatment which the makers of the British Empire received from the home authorities and populace, he might startle our complacency. Champlain and Cartier as explorers, Frontenac as a governor, De la Salle as an adventurer, Montcalm as a soldier, deserved that their Empire should have been lasting. But for the simultaneous rise of Chatham, Clive, and Wolfe, it is hard to suppose that the French oversea dominion would have been overthrown. It is true that Quebec was the scene of unending dissensions, and that the claims of the Roman Church at times made civil government almost impossible. But had France not been so hard pressed in Europe when Canada was being attacked, such a stronghold as Quebec could hardly have fallen. Most of us have forgotten that Quebec was taken by the British in 1629, and held for three years, that we were badly beaten in an attack upon it in 1689, and that after the death of Wolfe, in 1759, our final victory was so far from being assured that our victorious army was in its turn practically besieged. Probably few of us know anything about the fine defence of Quebec by Carleton (Lord Dorchester) against the Americans in 1775. Of these and other striking events, of *coureurs de bois* and intrepid Jesuit missionaries, of wild Indians (who, however, were surely not "cannibals"?) and fur-traders, "Old Quebec" speaks, and speaks well. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Dean Pigou's new book is full of entertainment, strongly flavoured with instruction. "It is something to be thankful for," he says, "to have a sense of humour, if it be not vitiated by making it the occasion of biting sarcasm or of needless pain." The Dean certainly overflows with fun, and could not be sarcastic if he tried. As for needless pain, none of his readers will feel it, with the possible exception of the clubman, who is rather severely reproved for sitting in the club window on Sunday morning reading the papers. The Dean supposes a club to be a heathen temple of enervating luxury, and has evidently never made the acquaintance of the secretary, who could tell him a different story. How many letters a day does that long-suffering official receive from members who write, "The vegetables in this club would disgrace a third-rate eating-house"? Clubs, says the Dean, are "not calculated to qualify a man for the plainness, simplicity, and monotony of married life." How many bachelors have been driven into marriage by the club potatoes? "A style of living," pursues the censor, "is contrasted, in many cases not in keeping with our private means, and unfitting for the comparative privations of home." There may be clubs where every member sits down every night to a banquet fit for Lucullus; but the average clubman chooses his food with rigorous economy, and would be aghast at the household expenditure of most of the homes with which he is acquainted. When we turn from clubs to Sunday schools, we find the Dean in a different vein. He cannot resist the unconscious profanity of children. "What would be a greater miracle than the whale swallowing Jonah?" asks a teacher. "Please, Sir, Jonah swallowing the whale," says the child. "Why did the eunuch go on his way rejoicing?" "Please, Sir, because Philip had done a-teaching of him." "What is the difference, now that you have heard all about missionaries and their good work, between a Christian and a cannibal?" "Why, master, one enjoys himself, and t'other enjoys other people." There can be no doubt about the Dean's enjoyment of these answers, some of which are manifestly apocryphal. But he clings to the fundamental error of all Sunday-school teaching—that a child's mind can be taught to operate like that of a grown-up person. "Now, who can tell me what spoilt Paradise?" asked a friend of the Dean's. Of course, the little boy who answered so promptly ought to have said "Man's disobedience," or "The serpent." But what he did say, and stick to in spite of remonstrance, was "Woman"! We fear he was qualifying at a Sunday school to be a member of a club.

Story-telling through the medium of letters is rather a dull expedient, as a rule; but there is no expedient which the practised hand of Mr. Howells cannot make interesting. This book is rather slight. The people in it who write the letters are concerned with the

love affairs of a young man who is striving to forget in New York the bitterness of having been jilted in Iowa. He forgets by falling in love with the daughter of a Trust—the Churn and Butter Trust. But there is a complication in the shape of a little girl in the house where he is lodging; and he does not know whether his injudicious kindness to her rather artless affection does not bind him to her and sever him from the other. This problem is handled with so much skill, so much knowledge of women, so much shrewd and kindly humour, that the story will be read with pleasure by everybody who has cultivated a taste for Mr. Howells. There are people who have not, and they had better let the book go by. Scattered through the pages are many little sketches of New York life, on that side of it which would naturally concern the daughter of the Churn and Butter Trust. Here is the impression she makes in public, as chronicled by the swain: "They looked at us a good deal, and I didn't wonder, for America is certainly beautiful to look at. Of course that hair of hers excites suspicion, but a woman has only got to behave as if she believed a thing was real herself and she carries conviction. I could see doubt fade from the opera-glasses of the observers at the theatre, and from their eyes at supper afterwards as they settled down to perfect faith in her particular rich mahogany shade of hair, and gave themselves up to the joy of her sumptuous bloom and bulk as something there could never have been any question about. She was the handsomest girl in the theatre, and the handsomest in the supper-room; and she did not go half-way down her spine to prove it, as some of the women did." The writer of this is an observant young man, and his glimpses of New York manners are more entertaining than his love-story.

Save for one fact, Mr. David Christie Murray's latest novel, the record of a particularly disreputable rake's progress, would be not only an excellent, sound, and entertaining piece of work, but a weapon in the hand of the temperance advocate as potent as the dramatic downfall of Coupeau in "Drink." The one fact places it beyond the pale erected by the reformer. Mr. Murray's recognition of the privileges of a hero and heroine to "live happily ever after" is so full that, after allowing "Verona's father" the riot of indiscretion and fraud proper to a villain, he waives the right of the novelist to bring his bad character to an appropriate end, and permits his Costigan-like protégé's Irish advance from petty borrowing and ingenious lying to mean fraud and meaner theft, and eventually to murder, to culminate in an act of heroism and death in the odour of sanctity. Thus has he doubly blinded poetic Justice, and stolen both her scales and her sword. Seriously, however, the story of that injudicious compound of the magnificent and the maudlin, Colonel Pemberton Benham, of his devoted and Quixotic daughter, and her equally Quixotic lover, of the strong-minded John Benham, of the delightful Lady Mary Montaigne, of the rascally Alastor Hall, and of the minor characters with whom their lives are interwoven to entanglement, will well repay the reading. As an ingenious advertiser with an eye to an economical and bargain-loving public might put it, the Colonel alone is worth the money.

Colonel Haggard, who has already done much excellent literary work, has evidently taken immense pains to present a vivid picture of that most fascinating period of French history which took place between the reigns of Francis I. and Louis XIV., and which, of course, includes the stirring story of Henry of Navarre and of the League. Many brilliant pens have attempted to give a coherent and impartial account of those days, so near and yet so far from our own, but it must be admitted with regret that Colonel Haggard does not add much that is new or illuminating to our knowledge of that sinister and subtle world of beauties and statesmen all struggling for mastery. He quotes none of his authorities, and to some of his statements, especially inasmuch as they purport to deal with facts, grave exception must be taken. His reading of the tragedy of Scottish Mary, for instance, will find few sympathisers: for apparently, in his eyes, Queen Elizabeth very literally could do, and did, no wrong. He declares that the Virgin Queen treated her royal captive cousin with the greatest kindness and leniency, and that Mary had only herself to thank for the sad fate which befel her! Throughout, the book shows a strong ecclesiastical bias, and this greatly detracts from its value; for the writer is eager to accept any testimony, however untrustworthy, which throws the blame on one or other of the powerful religious factions which have always played, and will doubtless always play, so remarkable a rôle in the political history of France. On the other hand, Colonel Haggard tells with sympathy and discernment the romantic stories of those whom old Dumas used to style discreetly "les cotillons célèbres," and his account of Diana of Poitiers and her wonderful influence over two succeeding Kings—of the jovial Henry the Fourth's many loves, in particular the beautiful, gentle Gabrielle d'Estrées—is full of vivid interest, notably excellent being that chapter headed "Charmante Gabrielle." Colonel Haggard is rarely on the side of the angels when a love affair is under discussion. He evidently believes that "the Man in the Iron Mask" was the elder brother of Louis XIV.—that is, a son of Anne of Austria by the Duke of Buckingham. It is clear that Michelet has been the chief historian consulted and trusted by the writer of "Side Lights on the Court of France"; but Michelet, like our own historian Froude, was always ready to sacrifice accuracy to the picturesque. As regards Michelet's historical works, his statements are entirely discredited by later and more serious French historians. A word of praise should be given to the really admirable illustrations, which include a charming portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, and a very characteristic counterfeit presentment of Henry IV.

## STATE PROHIBITION OF FICTION.

When the Fiscal question is finally at rest, and the unity of the Empire secured one way or the other, Mr. Chamberlain, looking around him for a fresh gospel, would not be ill-advised to institute an inquiry into our literary soundness, preparatory to conducting a raging, tearing propaganda for the limitation during a fixed period of the output of fiction. The idea is, of course, not original. Plato, in the most exquisitely humorous passage of the "Republic," prescribes that poets who visit his ideal community shall be anointed with oil, crowned with wool (a gentler equivalent for tar and feathers), and conducted to the next city. His view was doubtless extreme, and may (although he indicts the greatest) have been inspired by some such personal suffering at the hands of minor bards as winged the opening shafts of Juvenal's satire at a later day. We of the twentieth century need not quarrel with the poets, so inconsiderable a body are they as times go; but with novelists it is far otherwise. Their ranks are daily swelled, and the high tide of the publishing season reveals the wave of fiction rearing its undiminished head above the flood of letters. Where it is to end lies on the knees of the gods, but one need not be accounted wholly a sour pessimist in fearing that the tendency, if not checked by beneficent legislation, will land us in national imbecility.

Only those who are behind the scenes, who watch with terror and deepening depression the encumbering of the reviewer's table with pyramids of new novels, can realise the full bitterness of the situation. "Good God, gentlemen," said a great anatomist, gazing sadly round his lecture-room at the throng of budding physicians, "what is to become of you all!" and the sentiment finds its echo in the breast of the critic confronted with the autumn novels. Had that anatomist been logically true to his melancholy prevision for his students, he would have ploughed them all, and returned them their fees to indenture them to smiths and cobblers; and in sheer love for mankind, something of the kind will shortly have to be done for the exceeding great army of uninspired scribblers who add to the burden of modern fiction, and thereby lessen the gaiety of nations. Macaulay, it is true, snatched a fearful joy even from the trashiest of novels, because it was a delight to him to see how badly the thing could be done. In a letter to his sister on one such work, he waxes very facetious over the number of the heroine's fainting-fits to the chapter: but the gain to human merriment in such relaxations of the individual cultivated mind is incommensurate with the aggregate addition to general dullness for which fiction, as she is wrote, has to answer. And the evil is now, of course, fifty times greater than it was in Macaulay's day.

If only it were possible to discover a general movement towards the genuinely recreative and amusing in recent works of the imagination, much might be forgiven to their clay creators. For the primary function of the novel (to repeat a truism) is to amuse. The eighteenth-century novelists may have been prolix, but who shall say they were not vastly entertaining? They may even have been, when they were not priggish, unspeakably improper; but even the broadest escapades of Pipes and Truncheon, to name the first that rise to endeared memory, are health itself compared with the miasmatic vapours of, say, the half-dozen "greatest novels of the season," thus acclaimed by the advertisements of their peculiar publishers. And if not miasmatic, too many of them are mere futile potterings in the waste places of human misery, joyless fantasies mistaken by their producers for profound analysis of the deep things of life, which, by the way, they seldom by any chance reflect. Of their reality we are never persuaded. "It is comparatively easy," said George Eliot, "to draw a striking enough monster: how few can justly and correctly draw a lion!" Monsters, and sorry monsters at that, not lions, crowd the wild-beast show, or rather the freak museum, of modern fiction.

The liberty of the subject, of course, is sacred, and to interfere with it so far as to ordain a close time for novelists would be deemed subversive of the Constitution. But if fiction is to regain its place as the great recreative tonic of the national intellect, nothing short of State prohibition for, say, a decade will heal its present sickness. With poisoned wells the powers know how to deal, and the recognition that here is the deadliest of them all should provide a philanthropic and enlightened statesman with a cause for missionary enterprise worthy to succeed that of financial reform. During the ten years' rest the people would be thrown back upon the great masters, and would discover with delightful surprise that those whose work is not for an age but for all time are the truly "up-to-date" writers. Their perennial fresh air would blow away the lugubrious cloud that has settled upon our storytellers' imagination. Once more we might hope for a fiction based upon profound knowledge of human history and of human nature. It is the admirable under-structure of historical and literary knowledge that makes Scott's work the magnificent literary edifice it is; so, too, with Thackeray: his training, his culture and accomplishment as a man of the world, underlie and support his story, which alone is fictitious; its accessories are part of essential truth. Dickens, with little or no academic knowledge, triumphed through insight and sympathy. To their task these three came with a superb virility, the ease of complete mastery. Above all, they had the saving grace of commonsense and a wholesome decency. A "close time" would restore to us these virtues. In our journalism, too, we would outgrow our present unrest, and the public mind would learn to reject the minute and frequent dram-glasses of intellectual whisky which, to the dire peril of its sanity, are now held out to it as the daily mirror of life and opinion.

This, we contend, is the true Imperial question, for unless we retain *mens sana in corpore sano*, the united Empire of Mr. Chamberlain's dream will avail us naught. And for our present mental condition we need a physician—and that speedily. Otherwise, to state a paradox, we shall certainly be swallowed by the tit-bit.



# THE COUNTRY OF OUR ROYAL VISITORS: DANTE'S ITALY.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY.



## SAN GIMIGNANO: THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL TOWERS.

1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.
2. THE PALAZZO MUNICIPALE AND DUOMO—THE SCENE OF DANTE'S MISSION FROM FLORENCE TO SAN GIMIGNANO.
3. THE COURTYARD OF THE PALAZZO MUNICIPALE.
4. ARCO DEI BUCCI.
5. THE ANCIENT PALACE OF THE PODESTÀ, SHOWING THE MARK SET UPON THE TOWER (JUST ABOVE THE CLOCK) BY THE MUNICIPALITY TO LIMIT THE HEIGHT OF BUILDINGS.
6. THE PORTA SAN MATTEO.

[See the Article on another page.]



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## CREATURES OF HABIT.

Naturalists, whose business it is to study the ways and works of the children of life, have long recognised the power and influence of habit as a factor in moulding the destinies of animals and plants. The old saying that "habit is a second nature" exhibits the proverbial wisdom which is the direct offspring of observation and experience. Regarded in another aspect, we see in habit the result of that adaptation to surroundings which constitutes at once the safety and the success of life. Out of touch with its environment, the living being tends to die. Unsited to the encompassing conditions of life, it is out-distanced by competing friends and foes alike, and goes to the wall, as the weakest ever do. But when it adjusts its life to the surroundings thereof, and when it contrives to alter its ways, or when its surroundings themselves change, it survives successfully, and can defy "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Thus regarded, the many curious habits we are able to pick out from among the long roll of examples seen in animals and plants may be legitimately explained, as to their origin, by assuming that they represent the "shifts for a living" which Mother Nature has compelled them to make. This idea, at least, presents us with a fair explanation of the often startling nature of the habits of living beings. One other feature of the habit-question is worth consideration. It is that which presents to view the frequent difficulty of accounting for the beginning of a habit. The initial stages are often hard to discover, or may be impossible of solution. Here, as in other matters of life, it is *le premier pas* which matters. If we could only trace our thoughts accurately backwards to that first step which initiated the new habit, and with which began the departure from the old life to the new, we should appreciate much more fully than we do the real nature of the great work of life-development.

An excellent illustration of the adoption of a very peculiar habit indeed is that afforded by the ways of a certain fish, known as the Archer-Fish, or Rifle-Fish, and scientifically as the *Toxotes jaculator*. This fish is a near relation of the perches and of the mullets. In its own special family circle we find at least two species included, both East Indian in their distribution, although the archer-fish itself extends its range to the northern coasts of Australia. It has a short and somewhat compressed body, ending forwards in a distinct "snout," while the lower jaw is underhung, or projects beyond the upper. This conformation of mouth, as we shall presently note, bears a distinct relation to its peculiar mode of life. Modification of structure, in other words, has followed alteration in the way of life. The neighbour species, apparently, does not follow the habit of the archer-fish, so that we find here two of a family that do not agree in the regulation or following of existence. In length the archer-fish measures, on the average, from ten to twelve inches, its weight varying from one to two pounds.

The peculiar habit of this fish is found in its mode of capturing the insect-prey on which it lives. It has acquired the power of ejecting drops of water forcibly from its mouth against the insects which settle on leaves adjacent to the water. So accurate is its aim that it rarely fails to hit its prey and to bring down the quarry into the water, where it is at the mercy of its captor. The water-pellets, if so I may term them, may be ejected in a stream or singly. The particular form of the mouth, to which allusion has been made, is adjusted to the ejection of the bombarding drops. So that the modification of habit in respect of what life does has taken place *pari passu* with alteration of the machinery on which the performance of the habit depends. It has been said that in a neighbouring fish-family a similar habit has been developed. The Beaked Chætodon (*Chelmo rostratus*), found in tropical seas, has been credited with securing its prey after the manner of the archer-fish. The presence of a very long snout in the former would appear to render this idea a highly probable one, but Dr. Günther, the eminent authority on all matters relating to fish-life, tells us that this view of Chætodon's powers is erroneous. The long bill is used for the drawing of its prey from holes and crevices of the rocks, and, besides being a salt-water fish, Chætodon's chances of capturing insects, even if it did feed upon them, may be regarded as few and far between.

We may take it, then, that the habit of the archer-fish is not merely confined to itself, seeing that its brother species does not exhibit the power of shooting flies, while it is unique as regards the whole world of fish-life. Is it possible to conceive of the manner in which this curious phase of life—one among thousands of others to be discovered among animals and plants—began its career? It is permissible, first of all, to maintain that the shooting-habit is an acquired one. If it were found to be common even to the family circle of Chætodon itself, there might be reason to suppose that it represented an original characteristic of the race. As it is, it is far more likely to have arisen as a special circumstance in the existence of the "Jaculator" developed by the exigencies of its existence. And yet a more unlikely habit could hardly be conceived. The "first step" may have commenced by the simple, aimless ejection of water from the mouth; then might have succeeded chance shots which had the effect of bringing down the insects to the water. Animal life is not slow to take advantage of the fruits of experience, and as practice makes perfect, we might thus roughly figure out the beginning and perfecting of the marksmanship of the archer-fish. Perhaps, also, the rising of the fish to the surface may have been connected, as in some other fishes, with a necessity for air-breathing. But this last is pure conjecture. The case, none the less, illustrates excellently the difficulties of accounting for the beginnings of things.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R JOHNSON (Southampton).—P takes P en passant must be played immediately after the move is made which permits it. The capture cannot be deferred to a subsequent move.

J B (Cape Town).—Thanks; we are always pleased to receive such communications.

W B (Clapham).—We are much indebted for your excellent game.

P HEALEY.—Many thanks.

H PERCIVAL (Newcastle, N.S.W.).—Notwithstanding the disparity of strength, there is no solution to No. 3095 either by yours or the author's move.

W FOLWELL.—Apply to David Nutt, foreign bookseller, Long Acre.

A FLEMING.—The first move must be limited to one square.

H G COOPER.—Amended version shall have attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3095 to 3097 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3102 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and Charles Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3103 from A G (Pancsova), Emile Frau, and Mark Dawson (Horsforth); of No. 3104 from H Le Jeune, Fidelitas, Oswald E Dorey (Jersey), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Sorrento, H Walters (Plumstead), J White (Plumstead), P B (Worthing), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), George Fisher (Belfast), Emile Frau (Lyons), Clement C Danby, G T Hughes (Dublin), C E Perugini, E Combe (Lausanne), Charles Burnett, A G (Pancsova), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3105 received from F Henderson (Leeds), T Roberts, Reginald Gordon, Clement C Danby, Charles Burnett, F J S (Hampstead), C E Perugini, Thomas Atkins, Fire Plug, Eugene Henry, Joseph Cook, H S Brandreth (Nice), Martin F, Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), W Folwell, J D Tucker (Ilkley), J W (Campsie), Sorrento, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A Fleming, and W d'A Barnard (Uppingham).

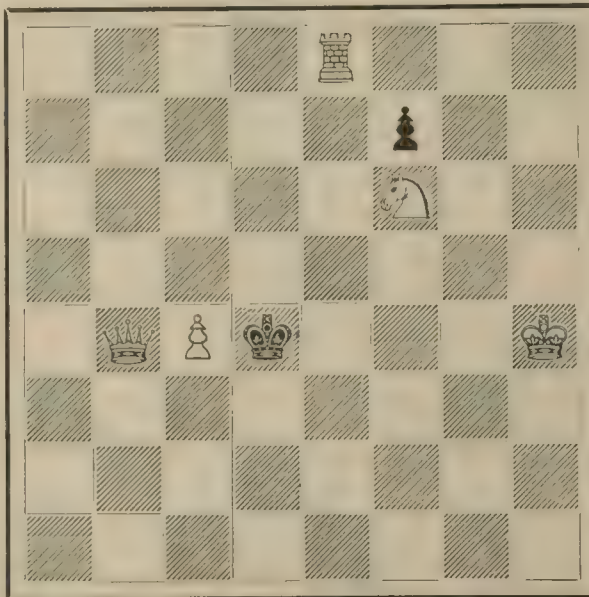
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3104.—By P. DALY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to B 4th P to Q 4th (ch)  
2. K to K 5th P takes B  
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. P to K 4th, 2. Q to Q 5th; and Queen mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3107.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. CURT and PILLSBURY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

|  |                |  |                |
|--|----------------|--|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. C.)   | BLACK (Mr. P.) | WHITE (Mr. C.)   | BLACK (Mr. P.) |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to K 4th     | 21. R to R 5th   | P takes Q P    |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd   | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 22. B P takes Q P  |                |
| 3. B to Kt 5th   | P to Q R 3rd   |  |                |
| 4. B to R 4th  | Kt to B 3rd    |  |                |
| 5. Castles   | B to K 2nd     |  |                |
| 6. R to K sq   | P to Q Kt 4th  |  |                |
| 7. B to Kt 3rd   | P to Q 3rd     |  |                |
| 8. P to K R 3rd  |                |  |                |
| White is already hesitating in his attack. P to B 3rd is better, as it leaves room for the Bishop at B 2nd, and prepares for P to Q 4th.                   |                | 23. K R to R sq  | B to Q sq      |
| 9. Kt to B 3rd   | Q Kt to R 4th  | 24. Q R to R 2nd   | P to Kt 5th    |
| 10. P to Q 3rd   | Kt to K sq     | 25. B to K sq  | P to Q R 4th   |
| 11. Kt to Q 5th  | Kt takes B     |  |                |
| 12. R P takes Kt   | P to K B 4th   |  |                |
| 13. P to B 4th   | B to Kt 2nd    |  |                |
| 14. B to Q 2nd   | B takes Kt     |  |                |
| 15. K P takes B  | P to R 3rd     |  |                |
| 16. Q to K 2nd   | B to B 3rd     |  |                |
| By what looks like the simplest and easiest play in the world Black has already secured the advantage of position. His handling of his Pawns is very fine. |                | 26. Q to Q B 2nd   | R to B sq      |
| 17. B to B 3rd   | P to Kt 4th    | 27. Q to Q sq  | Q takes P      |
| 18. Kt to R 2nd  | Kt to Kt 2nd   | 28. B to B 2nd   | P takes P      |
| 19. P to K Kt 4th  | Q to Q 2nd     | 29. R P takes P  | Kt to K 3rd    |
| 20. P to B 3rd   | P to B 3rd     | 30. B to K 3rd   | Kt to Q 5th    |
|  |                | 31. B takes Kt   | Q takes B (ch) |
|  |                | 32. K to R sq  | P to Kt 3rd    |
|  |                | 33. R to Kt sq   |                |
|  |                | With almost equal material forces White is now reduced to a position of absolute impotence, and has to surrender without a struggle. |                |
|  |                | 34. Q R to R sq  | R to Q B 2nd   |
|  |                | 35. Q to K B sq  | R to B 7th     |
|  |                | 36. Q to R 3rd   | K to Kt 2nd    |
|  |                |  | White resigns. |

## CHESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Game played at the King's Gambit Tournament of the Cape Town Chess Club between Messrs. CLARK and ROBERTS.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

|   |                 |                     |                 |
|---|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. C.)  | BLACK (Mr. R.)  | WHITE (Mr. C.)      | BLACK (Mr. R.)  |
| 1. P to K 4th   | P to K 4th      | 16. R to Kt sq      | B to B 3rd      |
| 2. P to K B 4th   | P takes P       | 17. R to Kt 3rd     | Kt to Q B 4th   |
| 3. B to B 4th   | P to Q 4th      | 18. P to K 5th      | R to R 8th (ch) |
| 4. B takes P  | P to Q B 3rd    | 19. K to K 2nd      | B to R 5th      |
| 5. B to Kt 3rd  |                 | 20. P to Kt 4th     | Kt to Kt 3rd    |
| B to B 4th was better. It is important in this opening to be able to defend as well as attack, but the Bishop has no defensive value at Kt 3rd. |                 | 21. P to Kt 3rd     | B to K 2nd      |
| 6. K to B sq  | Q to R 5th (ch) | 22. Kt to B 3rd     | R to R 7th (ch) |
| 7. Kt to Q B 3rd  | P to Kt 4th     | 23. K to Q sq       |                 |
| 8. P to Q 4th   | B to Kt 2nd     |                     |                 |
| 9. Kt to B 3rd  | Q to R 4th      |                     |                 |
| 10. P to K R 4th  | P to K R 3rd    |                     |                 |
| 11. K to Kt sq  | B to Kt 3rd     |                     |                 |
| 12. P takes P   | B takes Kt      |                     |                 |
| 13. R takes Q   |                 |                     |                 |
| Q takes B appears to yield a better game for White.   |                 | 24. B takes Kt (ch) | P takes B       |
| 14. Kt takes B  | B takes Q       | 25. R takes Kt      |                 |
| 15. K to B sq   | B takes P (ch)  |                     |                 |
| 16. R takes P   | P takes P       |                     |                 |
| 17. B takes P   | Kt to Q 2nd     |                     |                 |
|   | B takes P       |                     |                 |
|   |                 | 26. B to R 6th (ch) |                 |
|   |                 |                     | White resigns.  |

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## GREAT BRITAIN AND ITALY.

No student of affairs is likely to believe that the frequent interchange of visits by Kings and Emperors during the past twelve months has been devoid of political significance; that the high and distinguished personages have passed from capital to capital, in company with their Ministers for Foreign Affairs, to no other end than enjoyment of a change of air and scene or a little deer-stalking. We live in stirring yet reasonable times; rulers strive earnestly to settle disputes and adjust differences, to alter and regulate the delicate balance of power without calling upon the huge military and naval forces they have built up for final appeal when other arguments fail.

In Europe the Triple Alliance has held a dominant position so long that it has come to appear the most reliable factor in Continental affairs; but many causes have been undermining it since Bismarck delivered the first blow by exposing the existence of a secret German-Russian treaty. Some time later Felix Faure went to see the Czar, and came back with the Franco-Russian Alliance in his pocket; and this union between a Republic and an absolute Monarchy seemed destined to restore stability to the Triple Alliance. Later, Italy found her Sedan in Abyssinia, and had the bitter knowledge that France contributed largely, if indirectly, to her downfall there. In return, Italy opposed French designs in Morocco, so successfully that the Quai d'Orsay realised that an unfriendly Italy would help to make the French North African Empire untenable. A new commercial treaty had paved the way for better things, and in compensation for the French occupation of Tunis—an occupation from which Italy seems to derive more advantage than France—it was apparently understood that Italy should have a free hand in Tripoli.

The result of the Dreyfus case showed that the Clericals, led by Cardinal Rampolla, bitter foes of Italian unity and French Republicanism, had lost ground and become discredited; and as Clericalism had always striven to keep Italy and France apart in the interest of Papal claims to temporal power, it was the easier for France and Italy to become friends.

Italy has long been the friend of Great Britain, though Mediterranean politics threatened for some brief period to damage the old good understanding; and France, reconciled to Italy, found that friendly relations with Great Britain were absolutely necessary if her designs in North Africa were to be realised without a breach of the peace. The nearer Italy came to France the farther she travelled from Germany, while with Austria the alliance had never been more than a matter of necessity. United Italy has not forgotten, cannot forget, how Austria intervened to restore the Papal power; or that Austria is to-day the most priest-ridden country in Europe, a place where the man who does not bow or uncover when a religious procession passes is liable to a long term of imprisonment.

Italy, then, while desiring peace with all her neighbours, seeks more friendly relations with Great Britain and France—not with a Royalist or Clerical France, *bien entendu*, but with the Republican Government that has passed and enforced the Law of Associations. Italy desires also the co-operation of Great Britain in the movement towards Tripoli. So long as Great Britain was "putting her money on the wrong horse," as Lord Salisbury expressed it, she could not encourage Italian ambitions in Tripoli, which is under the suzerainty of Turkey; but there are developments to suggest that our statesmen have ceased to identify themselves with the Sick Man's interests, and will not plunge the country into war to keep the Russian Eagles from the Bosphorus.

Into ideas that may be in the minds of statesmen relating to treaties and alliances it would be presumption to inquire, but it is hardly unreasonable to suggest that the King of Italy's return visit to King Edward is largely political, and that the politics involved are those of the Mediterranean. The special significance for Englishmen who are not content to stand in the streets and shout themselves hoarse, is that the old combinations of Europe, for which Bismarck was directly or indirectly responsible, are breaking up.

Policies are inaugurated by statesmen, but in constitutional countries their masters, the ratepaying public, must be allowed to play a small part in the game. Bismarck used to say that no alliance in which the people are not interested can be enduring. The voice of the people must acclaim the head of the country with which an alliance or good understanding is proposed: hence the decorations, processions, crowded streets, and "scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm."

Papers speak, not without inspiration, of the great personal charm of the august visitors and their wives, as if political developments had something to do with personal characteristics. They seldom fail to hear, on high authority, that the ruler who is just leaving for his own domains has been very profoundly impressed by "the welcome accorded to him by all classes of the community." This sort of writing does no harm, but it is well for the more intelligent classes to look behind the cheering, the decorations, and the eloquence of reporters, and endeavour to see what the enthusiasm is about. We are not applauding individuals so much as the policies they stand for and the work they are about to perform on our behalf.

For the inquirer into high policy there is no royal road to knowledge. He can but read, travel, watch the march of events, and consider the possible solutions to problems as they arise. On these bases of deduction we are entitled to believe that the King of Italy's visit first to France and then to Great Britain denotes some measure of acquiescence by the Vatican in the loss of temporal power; some relaxation of vigour in the campaign that the Ultramontanes have carried on against the Republic and this country. It further suggests a large and speedy development of the Mediterranean programme, with, ultimately, an Italian Tripoli standing as a buffer state between the French North African Empire and British Egypt.



THE ANGLO-ITALIAN FRIENDSHIP: OUR COMING ROYAL GUESTS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III. OF ITALY AND QUEEN ELENA AT THE QUIRINAL.



THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON: A DAY WITH THE BELVOIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



A MEET AT CROXION PARK.

1. THE HOUNDS ARRIVE.  
5. OFF TO STONESBY ASHES.

2. THE MEET.  
6. A NARROW WAY THROUGH.

3. THE FIELD MOVING OFF.  
7. OVER A FENCE.

4. THE HOUNDS ON THE LINE OF A FOX.  
8. THE TERRIER MAN AND HIS DOGS.



UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION: THEIR MAJESTIES AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

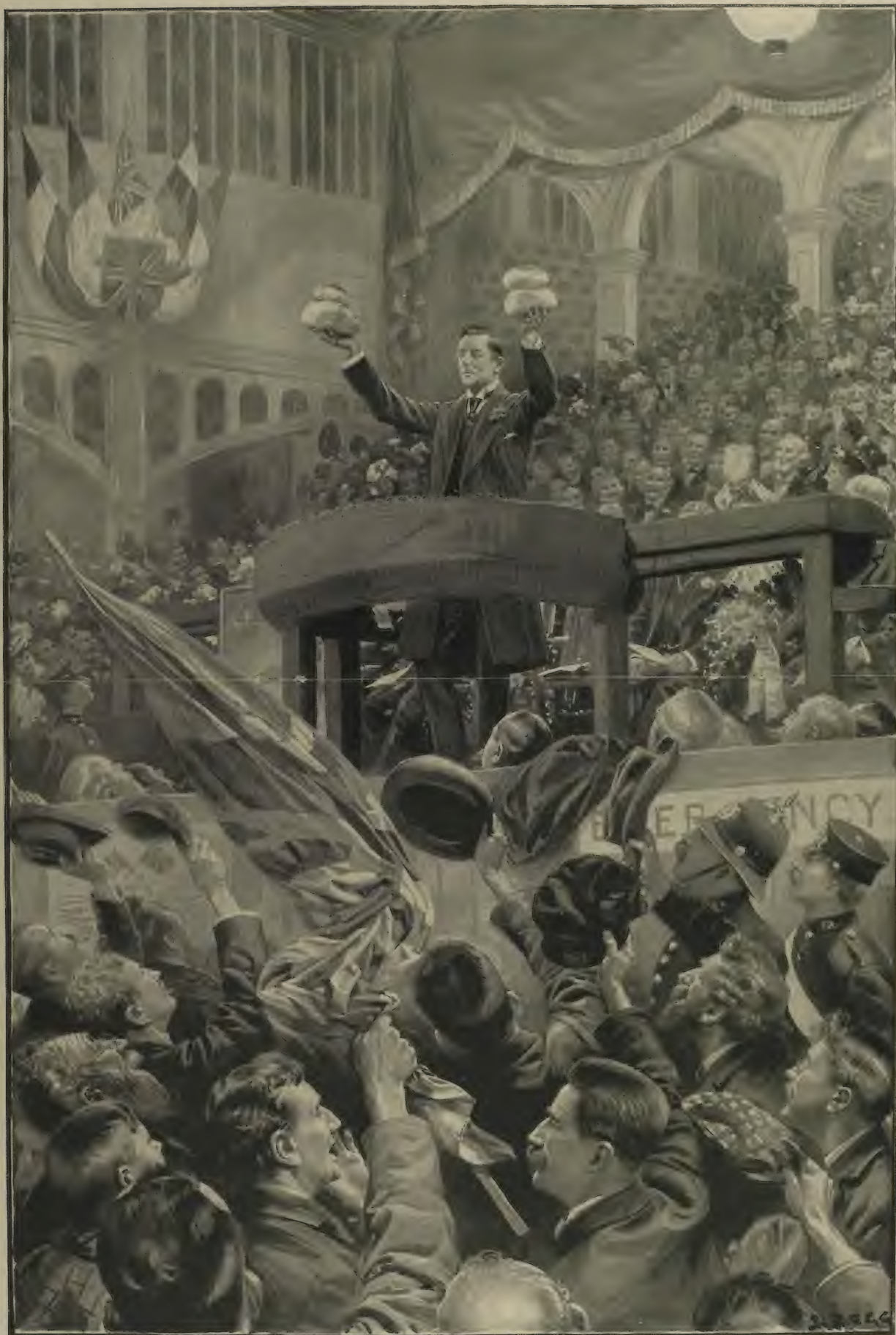
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT MAR LODGE BY W. AND D. DOWNEY.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND THE LADIES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD DUFF.  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN, THE LADIES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD DUFF.  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, AND PRINCES EDWARD AND GEORGE OF WALES.





MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FISCAL OBJECT-LESSON: THE PROTECTIONIST APOSTLE EXHIBITING THE PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE LOAVES AT BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, NOVEMBER 11

DRAWN BY S. BOSCH, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BIRMINGHAM.

*Displaying two loaves which he had just made in allusion to the difference of price between the two, Mr. Chamberlain said: "I think that the smaller loaf contains a few more 'bushels' of wheat than the larger one, but it is still a 'bushel' of wheat, and it is still a 'bushel' of wheat, and it is still a 'bushel' of wheat."*



# THE WONDERFUL CHANGE IN MONT PELÉE SINCE THE GREAT ERUPTIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS PROVIDED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



1. THE TOP OF THE NEW SPINE OF MONT PELÉE FROM THE CRATER RIM, AS IT APPEARED ON MARCH 26, 1903.
2. THE NEW SPINE OF MONT PELÉE FROM THE HEAD OF THE RIVIÈRE BLANCHE GORGE. THE APEX IS 1650 FEET ABOVE THE POINT OF OBSERVATION.
3. THE NEW CONE OF MONT PELÉE AT ABOUT 6 MILES' DISTANCE, AS IT APPEARED ON MARCH 31, 1903. THE BASE OF THE CLOUD MARKS APPROXIMATELY THE ORIGINAL SUMMIT.

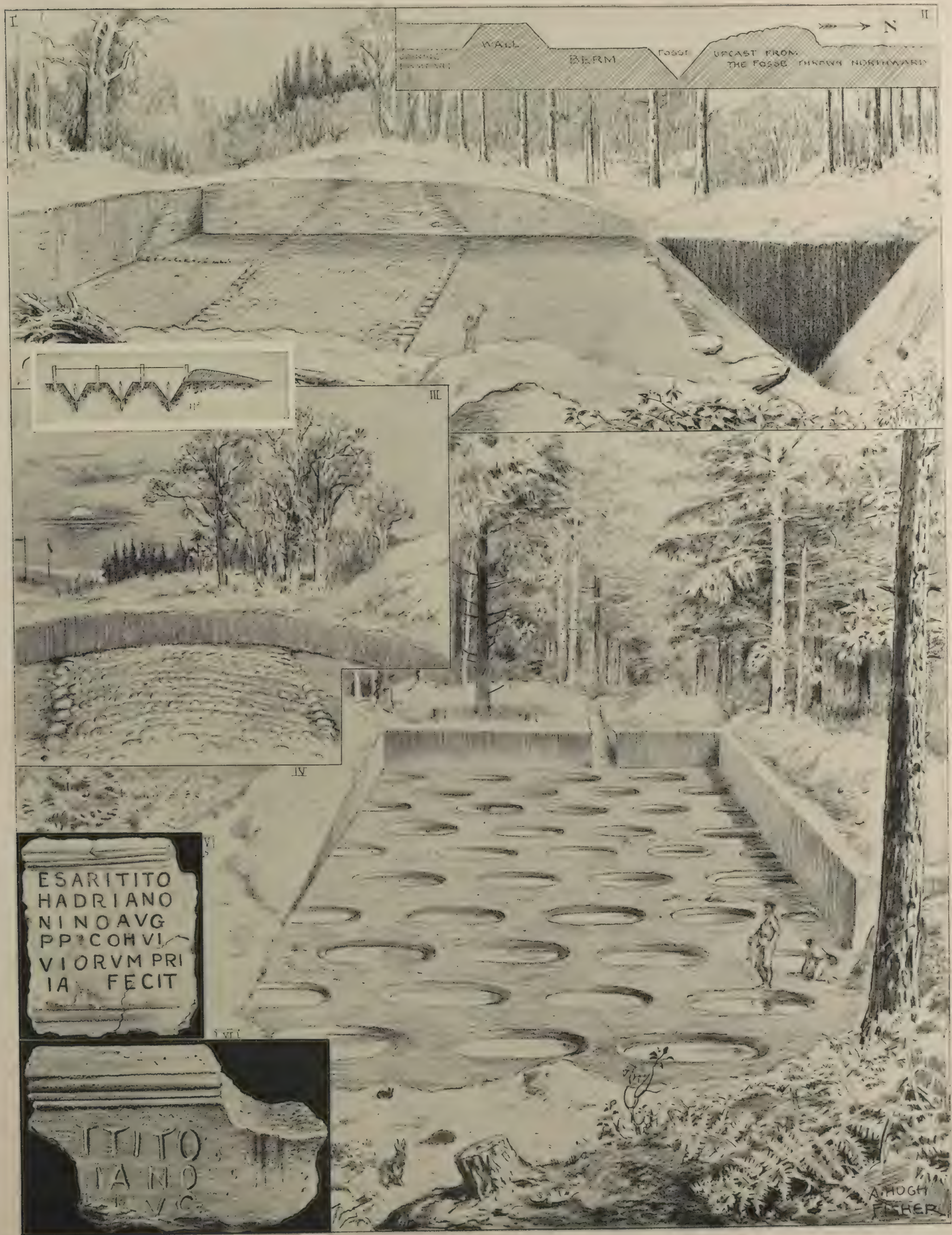
4. THE NEW SPINE, SHOWING FISSURES AND VERTICAL GROOVES. PHOTOGRAPHED ON MARCH 15, 1903. THE SPINE WAS THEN 82 FEET LOWER THAN IT BECAME TEN DAYS LATER.
5. DIAGRAM OF THE CONE OF MONT PELÉE, AS SEEN FROM MORNE FORTUNÉ, ST. LUCIA: THE FIRST PHASE OF THE CHANGE FROM NOVEMBER 26, 1902, TO JANUARY 9, 1903.

6. DIAGRAM OF CONE FROM SAME POINT AS NO. 5, SHOWING SECOND PHASE, FROM MARCH 4 TO APRIL 4, 1903.
7. THE NEW SPINE OF MONT PELÉE, VIEWED FROM THE BASIN OF THE LAC DES PALMISTES—THE APEX, 1174 FEET ABOVE THE RIM DIRECTLY IN FRONT; THE REMAINS OF MORNE LA CROIX ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER AT THE RIGHT.



# ROMAN MILITARY ANTIQUITIES IN SCOTLAND: FORTIFICATIONS AND MILITARY PITS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.



EXCAVATIONS ON THE LINE OF THE ANTONINE WALL AT ROUGH CASTLE, NEAR FALKIRK.

1. VIEW OF EXCAVATIONS SHOWING THE WALL AND (ON THE LEFT) THE FORT RAMPART JOINING THE WALL. BOTH THE ANGLE OF THE WALL AND THE LAYERS OF TURFING, AS WELL AS THE PAVEMENTS, ARE WELL DEFINED.

2. DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION, LOOKING WEST.

2A. "MILITARY PITS" OF A SIMILAR CHARACTER TO THOSE FOUND DESCRIBED IN THE OFFICIAL "MANUAL OF MILITARY ENGINEERING" (1891).

3. SECTION SHOWING ROMAN CHARIOT ROAD LEADING INTO THE CAMP, AND ALSO EXTENDING THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE ANTONINE WALL.

4. SERIES OF "MILITARY PITS" DISCOVERED AT ROUGH CASTLE. EACH "PIT" IS 9 FEET LONG, 3 FEET WIDE, AND 4 FEET DEEP. THEY ARE NEARLY FULL OF WATER OWING TO THE EXCESSIVE RAINS.

5. INSCRIBED SANDSTONE FOUND AT ROUGH CASTLE.

6. FRAGMENT OF ANOTHER INSCRIBED STONE.



# RECENT EVENTS IN GERMANY: CIVIL AND IMPERIAL.



HANSOMS TO OPEN AND SHUT: THE NEWEST PUBLIC VEHICLE IN BERLIN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOLKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

*The new German hansom has a hood like a victoria, so that it can be used as an open carriage in fine weather. There is room at a pinch for four passengers.*



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S REMARKABLE FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS RIDING UP THE SANS SOUCI STEPS, POTSDAM.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

*Quite recently the German Crown Prince took out a company of recruits from his regiment at Potsdam to show them the sights. Mounted upon his horse, the Prince led the way through the beautiful gardens of Sans Souci, and on reaching the long flight of stairs leading to the Little Palace, his Royal Highness, to the astonishment of everybody, urged his charger to climb some two hundred steps. At the top of the stairs the Prince dismounted, and conducted his recruits through the Palace of Frederick the Great, where he explained the different rooms and objects of interest. On the steps where the Prince performed this remarkable feat of horsemanship, his ancestor Frederick the Great used to move about among his flower-pots.*



# The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty,  
And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:  
MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.  
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.  
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.  
But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,  
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—  
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,  
For something better than she had known.  
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.  
He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,  
And asked a draught from the spring that  
flowed

Through the meadow across the road.  
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,  
And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.  
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter  
draught

From a fairer hand was never quaffed."  
He spoke of the grass and flowers and  
trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees;  
Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,  
And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.  
At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.  
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
"That I the Judge's bride might be!  
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
"And praise and toast me at his wine.  
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
"My brother should sail a painted boat;  
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
"And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.  
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.  
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,  
"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
"Show her wise and good as she is fair.  
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
"Like her, a harvester of hay:

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.  
So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon.  
When he hummed in Court an old love tune:  
And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.  
He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.  
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;  
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.  
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;  
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.  
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah that I was free again!  
"Free, as when I rode that day,  
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."  
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.  
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.  
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,  
And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,  
In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.  
And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.  
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;  
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,  
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,  
A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.  
Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."  
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!  
God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been."  
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'**

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*The use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Rectifies the Stomach and makes the Liver laugh with joy!*

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## LADIES' PAGES.

Last week Cheltenham and Gloucester were the scene of the annual Conference of "The National Union of Women Workers." The subjects set for discussion by the committee of this association are always very serious, and the fact that the attendance runs into several hundreds each time a Conference is called (always in a different town) might serve to indicate to the incredulous male mind that a certain portion of feminine interest is given to the more public-spirited, abstruse, and serious class of topics. The Duchess of Beaufort, who was announced to open the proceedings, had to excuse herself on the ground of the death of her father. Lady Battersea, who usually attends these meetings, gave an address in her graceful fashion, urging that the modern woman's ideals of conduct, while adding to her interests in the world's wider affairs, did not necessitate nor imply abandonment by her of the older ideals of womanhood. The subject which aroused the most warmth in discussion was whether the ladies present should ask for the legal suppression of barmaids. A great majority of those who attend such gatherings are, of course, women of the well-to-do class, who never had the least anxiety as to how their wants were to be provided for, or any occasion to earn a livelihood for themselves. They know little, therefore, of the battle for a maintenance of a self-dependent woman. Besides, the middle-class woman of to-day hears with impatience and incredulity any suggestion that working girls find it hard to obtain employment. "Why do they not go out to domestic service—there is room enough there for any number more girls to make a living?" says the irate employer of labour in the most undermanned of all employments. So the majority of the Conference were in favour of depriving the modern Hebe of her occupation by law, and setting her to scrub floors or cook dinners instead of serving customers in the public-house. But the delegates of the Society for the Employment of Women warmly remonstrated against excluding women by law from any respectable wage-earning occupation. A philanthropic and wisely thoughtful paper was read by the Lady Mayoress of York (Mrs. Gray) on "Public Health and Sanitary Authorities in Relation to the Rural Population." In the course of various practical suggestions, she remarked that the law was even now in advance of the public conscience on this question, and that the homes of the rural poor might be much improved by the use of the powers that local bodies already possess; but out of the 676 Rural Councils of the country, only 370 have adopted bye-laws controlling even the conditions of new buildings. Secondary education, evening schools, Sunday schools, and other serious topics were also taken up by the Conference.



A MUSQUASH SAC COAT.

But one matter, important above all others just now, was untouched. So deplorable is the position of domestic service as an industry at present that it is a wonder that it is not made the chief subject of discussion wherever women gather together to consider topics of general interest. In private life there is no matter so invariably discussed among ladies; but I must admit that I rarely hear any particularly illuminating observations on the subject. On the contrary, I do hear many assertions that show that the inability of one class to understand sympathetically the identity of the needs of another class with those of its superiors is at the very root of the difficulty. Speaking in a friend's drawing-room the other day, apropos of the sad death by accident of "General" Booth's daughter, Lucy Booth-Tucker, of the success of the Salvation Army, I expressed the opinion that this was largely due to the share given in its organisation and management to women. This was agreed with; but when I continued to say that it had also supplied a great interest in the lives of thousands of women, two ladies explained that they thought that any source of vital interest for women servants, separate from and outside the drudgery of daily domestic work, is quite needless, perhaps most mischievous. "The craze for amusement and despising of daily duty as a source of happiness"—as one smugly put it—"is the reason why we cannot get decent servants nowadays." I tried to point out to them how much more they themselves have in their lives than servants have: that literature and art and the horizon of mind that these have opened to the cultured woman; varied dress; frequent, even if brief, change of society; the direction of one's own house to one's own will; and the charge and love of one's own children—all make home so full to the mistress that she needs outside interests less than her servants; and yet we many of us feel a great advantage and enlargement of life from some outside engagement, some hobby or Association:—how much more must our maids? But my friends could not see it; and it is this desire to absorb the whole time and mind of the domestic servant that is apparent to girls thinking of their future work, and turns them against service. So it seems to me; and I know of no more urgent question for mistresses to discuss together than such points in our business of housekeeping.

Telegraphic accounts of the Duke of Roxburghe's wedding show that New York ideas of "a quiet ceremony" differ from our own. A smaller number of guests were invited than would have been the case but for the recent death of the British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Michael Herbert, who was the bride's uncle by marriage. But the church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and so was the Fifth Avenue mansion of Mrs. Goelet, in which the reception was held. In America the old English fashion of grooms-men still prevails; though the young men are called

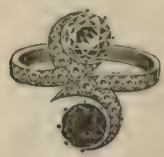
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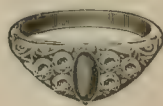
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"ushers," and make themselves useful in showing guests to their places in church. But at the conclusion of the ceremony, and for the rest of the festivities, each bridesmaid has her own special attendant cavalier to escort her and look after her. It must be pleasant to the girls, and one is surprised that the fashion went out here. Miss Goelet wore a dress of rich cream satin Duchesse, veiled almost completely with the finest and most costly of lace, point d'Alençon. This was held in place with garlands of orange-blossom and English May, the flower of her name. The bride is not, it seems, so tired of the symbolic May-blossom as the Princess of Wales became. Princess May, as we remember she was always called as a girl, when asked to select a floral design for some Irish linen to be offered to her as a wedding gift, wrote that she did not care what flower was used so long as it was not May-blossom. The bridesmaids' gowns were pink at the Roxburghe wedding; the foundation was silk, over which came chiffon embroidered in a Louis Seize design of baskets of flowers and trails of pink touched with silver. Ecru lace trimmed the frocks, and composed the hats, which were adorned with pink velvet and rosettes and strips of sable.

A heroine worthy of remembrance has been found among the Breton fisherfolk. Fourteen men saved themselves in a boat from the wreck of the steamer *Tesper*; but they were being driven at the mercy of the waves through the surf and the strong currents over the dangerous hidden rocks of the coast near Ushant. A young fisherwoman named Rose Here was down on the rocks gathering shell-fish when she heard the men's despairing shouts, and through the lifting fog perceived their peril. Without losing time even in taking off any clothes, she plunged into the roaring breakers and swam out to the boat, where she took the helm and succeeded in steering the shipwrecked men through the thousand sunken reefs safely to harbour. The captain has reported the brave rescue to the Minister of Marine, and the courageous Rose Here will doubtless be rewarded. But it transpires that this is by no means her first exploit of courage and strength, for she has on several previous occasions rescued shipwrecked men from danger in like circumstances.

It is not given to many manufacturers to produce something so novel and so delightful as to place their names on permanent record thereby. Such has been the good fortune of Mr. Liberty; for not only in England, but also in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna a "Liberty material" is a well-understood and distinctive term. The newest production of this artistic house will support and spread its special fame. "Myrano" satin is an entirely novel fabric, in which the brilliance of the sheen of satin is combined with the soft draping quality and undulating surface-effect of crêpe-de-Chine. The price is 8s. 11d. a yard; but



COSTUME AND CAPE IN ONE CLOTH.

this is not extravagant, as the material is double width. It comes in a full range of colours, and is firm enough, for all its delicacy of appearance, to serve admirably for opera-mantles, tea-gowns, and dinner-coats. There are in it a very rich rose pink, and, again, a vivid full red, both of which took my fancy particularly; a delicious shade of blue; a dark and a pale heliotrope; a strong yellow and a lighter one; several shades of green and of grey; and plain black and white. "Myrano" satin is a combination of silk and cashmere wool, so that it is expected to prove very durable in wear.

Coats are the question of the moment. If you are moved by the fashion of the hour, you will certainly want a moleskin coat. Even though you should already have a set of sables, you cannot be expected to be contented without this very latest thing in furs. Should finances forbid the fur, a moleskin plush is really a very good imitation, although, of course, it lacks the more than velvety softness of the fur. One moleskin plush coat challenged comparison boldly by means of a pelerine collar edged round with short tails of the real fur—the tails, or rather dingle-dangles, being quite short, and the coat which they adorned as well as the skirt of moleskin plush. It is considered *chic* at present to have a skirt matching in colour the fur which is being worn, even when it does not, as in the case just described, copy the fur in fabric. A brown face-cloth dress, with sable or sealskin paletot or stole, or cloth of the peculiar dark grey of the mole, appearing beneath a coat of moleskin, or a white cloth skirt under a cream broadtail or a sac of the new white fur, called "Volga," make a most graceful combination. Velvet coats trimmed with fur are always nice for town wear. For some time past they have been considered to be middle-aged; but this winter they are returning to fashion for young married women. A coat in the Guards' shape in dark blue piped with green or red is a desirable possession for a showery day.

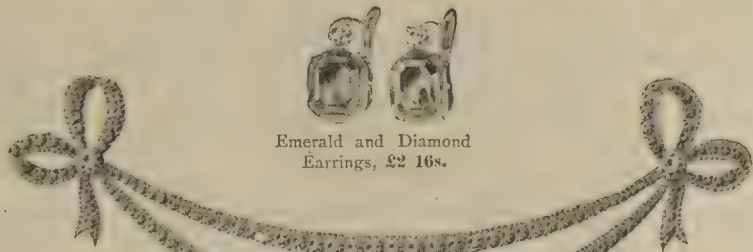
One of our Illustrations shows how furs are trimmed at present with fringes. The fur sketched is "musquash," which bears at first sight so close a resemblance to sealskin as to pass as an imitation of the latter far more costly fur. An association of wholesale furriers has just issued a warning to purchasers of the extent to which the more expensive furs are imitated, and mentions especially musquash as simulating seal. The hat is of the same fur, with a feather for trimming. The other sketch shows a cloth coat and cape, with a stole of ermine edged with guipure; the hat is of white fur trimmed with large white flowers. FILOMENA.



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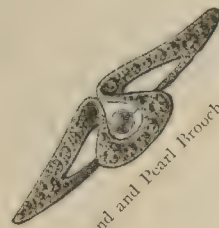
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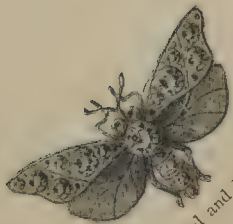
Diamond and Pearl Brooch, 16s.



Diamond and Emerald Pendant, £1.



Diamond and Pearl Brooch, 15s.



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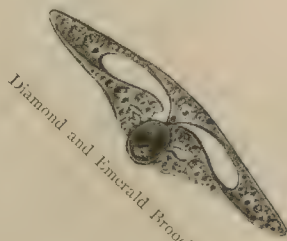
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(Burlington Gardens End.)



## ART NOTES.

The collection of Whistler etchings at the Leicester Square Galleries is the most important yet brought together. It represents not only the genius of Whistler,

Whistler's production—as an artist on copper; many of the impressions were taken on Mr. Menpes' press; and, after the all but inevitable catastrophe which attended friendship with Whistler, Mr. Menpes did not cease to admire and to collect. A quarrel sometimes

allusion to himself in the letters of the "poet and painter") changed the epithets to "poetaster and dauber." But Mr. Menpes knew his friend as the Master; and when the friend became the enemy he held him to be the Master still.



Capt. McKay. Mr. Marconi. Mr. W. Forwood. Mr. J. Williamson.

MR. MARCONI AND OFFICIALS ON BOARD THE "LUCANIA."

THE "LATEST NEWS" AT SEA: MR. MARCONI'S LONG-DISTANCE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY EXPERIMENTS ON BOARD THE "LUCANIA."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY COMPANY, LTD.



THE SPECIAL LONG-DISTANCE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH INSTALLATION.

*For two special purposes, which began on October 3, a four-wire aerial was stretched between the foremast and the mainmast, running down to the state room occupied by Mr. Marconi on the aft-part of the ship. This aerial consisted of four wires spread out with the aid of bamboos measuring about fifteen feet in length. It was insulated from contact with the masts. The long-distance messages were received by Mr. Marconi personally, and about a couple of hundred words a day of the latest news was telegraphed from the big power-stations in England and on the American side throughout the voyage. The latest news was imparted by means of the ordinary telegraph apparatus of the ship to other ships within communicating distance as they got into touch. Daily news-sheets were printed and distributed among the passengers of the "Lucania." It is interesting to note that on the day the "Lucania" was exactly midway between New York and Queenstown, news was simultaneously received and published from the American and English stations.*

whose supremacy as an etcher is not in dispute among his contemporaries, but also the enthusiasm of the collector—Mr. Menpes. The etcher and the collector were on terms of intimacy during the best period of

tends to obscure the eye to artistic merit, just as personal partiality may magnify. A living author, who had hailed William Bell Scott as "poet and painter," afterwards (on reading a slightly uncomplimentary

A representative collection of all Whistler's work as an etcher is the result. But the Leicester Square Gallery has more than this—it has "states" of Whistler etchings which have hitherto been unknown even to

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Whistler amateurs. In some instances there are four impressions of a plate taken at various stages of its progress; and it is not always by an addition that you know the last stage from the first. Occasionally



A RELIC OF NOVEMBER 5: THE ORIGINAL GUY FAWKES ARCH FROM WESTMINSTER, NOW IN THE SOANE MUSEUM, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Whistler deleted, and a figure which went in experimentally has walked out of a landscape before the etcher satisfied his fine sense of composition. Besides rare states of etchings known elsewhere, there is a unique impression of two plates. No other copy of "Whistler's Mother" is known, and that rarity accounts, no doubt, for the record price—a Rembrandt price—paid for it on the Private View day. The etching is unique, not only in rarity, but also in beauty. It shows the austere lady, not in the attitude of the well-known painting, but full-face, and is instinct with a pathos of fragility which takes it at once into the sphere of imaginative sentiment, whither Whistler was not, theoretically, willing that we should go under any leading of his. Perhaps he aimed only at a "pattern," but he gave us something altogether beyond his own stated intentions.

The Portrait Exhibition at the New Gallery is perhaps the duller yet held, and this is saying much.

The absence of Mr. Sargent is the more grievous because his imitators, who shall never imitate his subtle modelling, his beautiful shadows, his refined and perfect drawing, are showy and numerous. The good work in the gallery is chiefly that of foreign painters, and this fact is so conspicuous that a patriotic critic might wish this Portrait Exhibition to be the last. In any other form of painting would English work make a better show. The French and Italian painting is serious and thorough, and the drawing above criticism. The English painting, one must say, is for the most part pretentious and ambitious of "style" without the power to attain it, and the drawing is in a score of cases actually incorrect. Eyes out of perspective and ill-placed meet us with dull looks, made grotesquely duller by the defect, from many a canvas signed by a prominent name. These are sharp words, but they are not idle. Drawing can be learnt.

Mr. Brough, Mr. Harrington Mann, and Mr. George Henry are, we need hardly say, exempt from these censures. They know how to paint, and they have style in a certain wilfully limited way. Their work is able, if it is not in the full sense serious. It is hardly excellent enough to be final, and yet is on the way to nothing. Where there is talent, as there is with these painters, we find this premature finality as a national characteristic. It seems hard, nevertheless, to complain of work that is intelligent and good; in the midst of so much that is vulgar, like the sham-noble portraits of beautiful women by Mr. Ellis Roberts, and so much that is portentous, like the sham-artistic garden group of Mr. Walton. Mr. Watts's large picture—"Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck"—is a kind of study of Italian work of the late sixteenth century, in colour and execution, and a successful one. Whistler's "Rouge et Noir" is harmonious, and brilliant in colour and well placed, but the face is a needless offence, for the studied unpleasantness does not escape under the plea that the picture is unfinished. Mr. Orchardson has two male portraits that entirely miss dignity, interest, and importance, in spite

of all kinds of ceremony in their arrangement; and one portrait of an aged lady that attains all three merits. Mr. C. H. Shannon has beauty of design, line, tone, and colour—the last marred by the dingy (not merely sombre) flesh-tints.

But the chief honours of the gallery are with Benjamin Constant in his admirable "Lord Savile"; with M. Besnard in his needlessly ugly but excellently drawn portrait of "Madame Besnard," the ugliness being in the harshness of the white light; with Professor Lenbach, who also gives English painters a lesson in drawing in his "Gladstone"; with M. Nicolet; and above all with Signor Mancini. This last-named artist has never done anything more excellent than his "Signor Valero," or, by quieter methods, his "Mr. Charles Hunter." This is indeed thorough work,



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construction from the beginning, drawing that grasps and penetrates, a real trustworthy creation. And with this almost overwhelming realism there is a beauty of tone and shadow that mere aimers at beauty or prettiness have not achieved. This is certainly not ideal art, but of its kind it is masterly.

W. M.



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ELIZABETH: Why, Ethel?

ETHEL: I can 'mell it. It's good. I want some.

ELIZABETH: But this is for Harold.

ETHEL: I want some too.

ELIZABETH: But Harold has had his feet wet, and may catch cold unless he drinks this LEMCO while it is hot.

ETHEL: Could I have had some too if I had had my feet wet?

ELIZABETH: Of course.

ETHEL: Then I'm going out to get my feet wet!

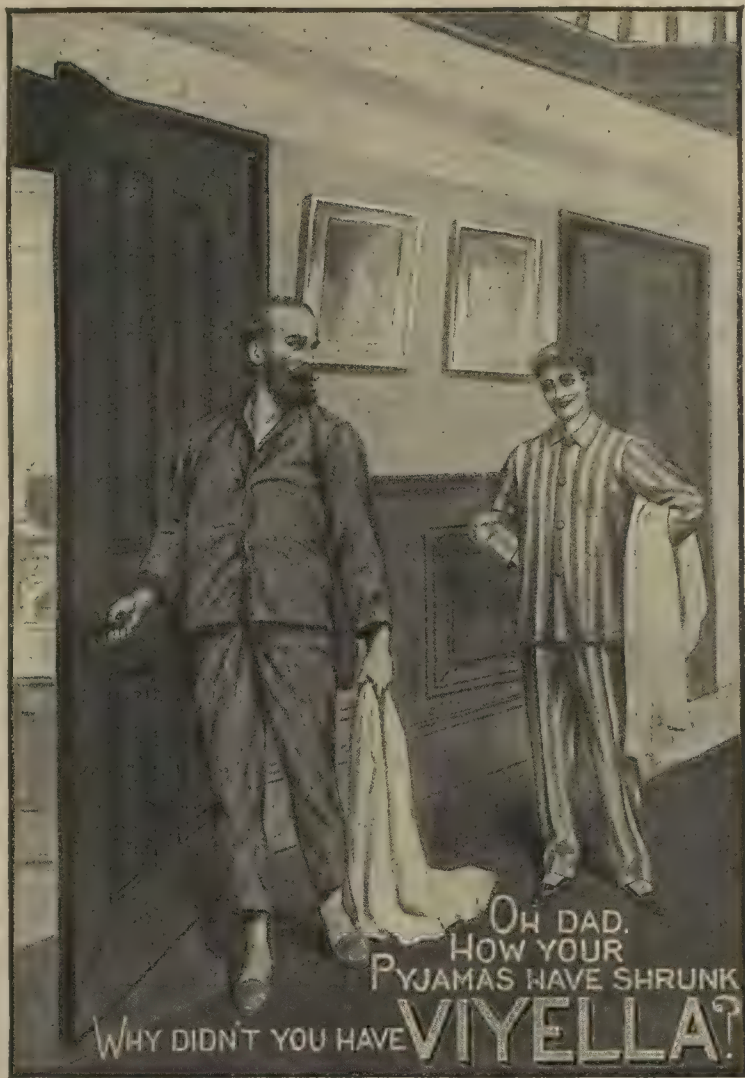
ELIZABETH: Dear, dear! It is not often that children are so fond of what is good for them; but LEMCO is so palatable, it is no wonder. Wait a little, Ethel, and when Harold has had his, you shall have some too; for it is good in health as well as in sickness, and will make you grow big and be a strong girl.

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## MUSIC.

On Friday evening, Nov. 6, Mr. Francis Macmillen, who has built up a solid reputation for himself in Brussels, having studied under César Thomson, made his first appearance in London. He is a violinist of no mean order, who possesses already an admirable technique, a good method, taste, and style, and he is sufficiently young to be able to improve considerably, and to drop many of his little mannerisms and somewhat studied affectations. He gave a very long concert, at which he was assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the guidance of Mr. Henry Wood. His accompanist was Mr. Haddon Squire, and Mrs. Henry Wood was the vocalist. There were three concertos—one of Bach in E major for the violin, the beautiful one in A minor of Goldmark, and the Paganini one in D major. Mr. Macmillen also played two violin solos, one of Ries and one of César Thomson; and it was in these solos he was heard to greatest advantage. His technique was more than admirable; it was perfection. In the concertos of Goldmark and of Bach he was less good, his mannerisms spoiling the otherwise fine execution. Mrs. Henry Wood sang with great dramatic skill the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Tchaikowsky.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, Mr. Donald Tovey gave a concert at the St. James's Hall, assisted also by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. It was not a long concert, but it was a somewhat dreary one. Mr. Donald Tovey plays beautifully, and he has a very fair gift of musical composition, but his pianoforte concerto in A major failed to be very convincing. The work is earnest and well harmonised, but it seems to lack inspiration. The Mozart Concerto in C major was excellently performed, it is needless to say, by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, with Mr. Donald Tovey playing the pianoforte part, but he was in this again a little lacking in expression. Mrs. Henry Wood once more gave evidence of her high training as a vocalist in her rendering of the recitative and

rondo, "Lion Tamer," of Mozart, written for a soprano, with a pianoforte obbligato and full orchestra. The orchestra began the concert with the overture "Coriolan," of Beethoven, and finished it with the overture "The Hebrides," of Mendelssohn.

The Monday evening Popular Concerts have begun, but the attendance is still very small. It is a pity, for they had a considerable vogue at one time, and Professor Kruse is taking great pains to ensure a high standard of chamber music. Perhaps Monday evenings are as bad for concerts as they are always found to be for theatrical performances. The first of the Richter Concerts was entirely given up to Berlioz's works in honour of his centenary. The Broadwood Concerts also began their season on Thursday evening at the St. James's Hall with the Cathie Quartet. They began excellently with a very difficult quintet in C minor for stringed instruments, in which Mr. Alfred Ballin joined them as second viola. Miss Susan Strong sang songs of Liszt and Mr. Korbay and some French songs beautifully.

The Berlioz Concert, under the direction of Professor Kruse at the Queen's Hall, promises to be a most interesting one. Herr Weingartner is to conduct, and among many other excerpts of the master is to be included the bizarre and weird "Symphonie Fantastique," that is heard far too seldom in England. M. I. H.

A letter, signed by the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., and Lord Methuen, calls further attention to the impending removal of King's College Hospital, and appeals for funds sufficient to transplant this excellent and beneficent institution to a site in South London. £300,000 will be required, and contributions towards this will be gratefully acknowledged by the treasurer, Mr. C. Awdry. The hospital in its new departure aims at benefiting no fewer than three-quarters of a million people.

## PEAT-COAL.

An invention by the aid of which its patentee claims to be able to convert peat into a fuel that will not only hold its own against the best Welsh coal, but will leave no clinkers and occupy less room in a ship's bunkers, was shown at the works of Messrs. Johnson and Phillips, Charlton, Kent, on Thursday of last week. Many methods have been tried for the purpose of utilising peat as a marketable fuel; but no one has succeeded in turning out peat-fuel on a commercial basis, the cost of production having been excessive or the time occupied in drying and manufacturing too long, not to name the heavy cost of handling and transport. These difficulties the inventor believes that he has overcome, stating that he can "produce within two hours and a half what is claimed to be the best substitute for good coal." The initial cost of a plant to deal with 100 tons of peat per day is £4000. The actual cost of producing one ton of peat fuel is 5s., whereas South Wales steam coal costs 8s. 4d. per ton at the pit's mouth.

A motor-van for which the makers claim an absence of smell, smoke, noise, and visible steam is doubtless a boon, and such a vehicle, Messrs. Waring inform us, has been built by the Gillett Motor Company, Limited. The body, wheels, and decoration are by Liversidge.

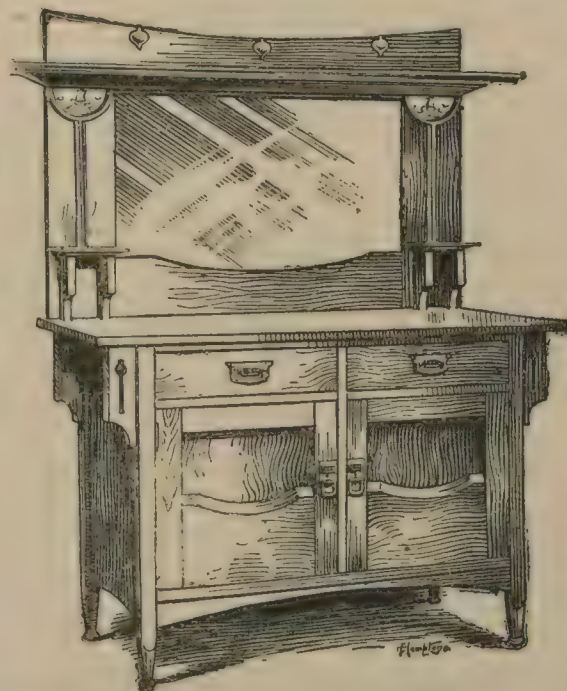
Those who are interested in architecture generally or the building of private residences in particular will find a great deal of valuable information in Mr. Ernest Newton's "Book of Country-Houses" (Batsford), which contains a fine series of examples of the distinguished architect's domestic work.

Messrs. Methuen are issuing in rapid succession the volumes of their "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Among those we have already received are the tours of Dr. Syntax, Egan's "Life in London," and Blake's wonderful illustrations to the Book of Job. The series is in the attractive library form of red cloth with paper labels.

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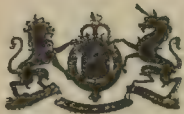
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Peterborough has been visiting the West of England, and has addressed several meetings on behalf of the Bible Society at Exeter. He is now spending a short autumn holiday at Bude.

Canon Horsley, who has been out of health lately, has been ordered a further period of rest, and has left this week for Majorca.

Dr. Carter, the Bishop of Pretoria, has broken down in health, owing to a severe attack of influenza and malaria, and has been ordered three months' absence from his diocese.

There was a very large attendance at the anniversary of the Gleaners' Union, which was held last week in Exeter Hall. The principal speakers were Bishop Olnwale, Archdeacon Latham, and Mr. Eugene Stock. Sir Lewis Dibdin, who presided, referred to his friendship with the late Prebendary Wigram and Mr. Eugene Stock, when he and they were at Hampstead, and described their morning walks into town, talking C.M.S. all the way. That was in the 'eighties, the time of the society's expansion. Mr. Stock warned his hearers that a million shillings fund might be required to meet the society's needs.

The Bishop of Durham has written a preface to a cleverly illustrated little volume on Chinese missions which Archdeacon Moule has just published, under the title, "Tufts and Tails; or, Walks and Talks with Chinese Children." The Archdeacon is one of the Bishop's two elder brothers who have devoted their lives to China. When he was a Cambridge undergraduate in 1861 Archdeacon Moule, as he now is, went out to the East in a sailing-ship round the Cape, taking months on the way, and passing through some terrible storms. For forty-two years he has never ceased to labour for the salvation of the Chinese.

Canon Alexander Stewart, Rector of Liverpool, has resigned the benefice, which he has held since 1870.

Canon Stewart is seventy-eight, and finds the burden of duty too great for his advancing years. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, is patron of the living.

The late Canon Major Lester was one of the best-known Evangelical clergymen in Liverpool. He had been Vicar of St. Mary's, Kirkdale, since 1855, and proved himself fully equal to the needs of that rapidly increasing parish. He provided district churches, missions, and schools, and also found time to interest himself in education and general philanthropy.

The Bishop of Bristol has been occupied with the heavy arrears of work which accumulated during the Church Congress, and which have made it impossible for him to deal with lengthy correspondence. When Parliament opens, Dr. Browne will have the additional duty of attending the House of Lords, where he has become entitled to a seat owing to the resignation of Bishop Moorhouse.

An altar tomb has been placed upon the grave of the late Dean of Winchester, Dr. Stephens, and it will be unveiled on Dec. 22, the anniversary of his death.

Dr. Campbell Morgan sailed for New York on the *Oceanic* on Nov. 4. His decision with regard to the invitation he has received to the pastorate of Westminster Chapel is expected before the close of the year. Dr. Pentecost will occupy the pulpit between January and March.

"The Rev. Jane Dowie, overseer of women's work in the Christian Catholic Church," lectured in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Nov. 8, and gave an account of Zion City, her husband's foundation. Her addresses, as might have been expected, were somewhat denunciatory.

The Church Pastoral Aid Society is issuing a special appeal on behalf of certain poor parishes in South London. These have been receiving support from a

fund which is now exhausted, and a sum of £855 a year will be required to carry on an excellent work.

The foundation-stone of the Limehouse Church Institute was laid on Nov. 7 by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The new institute, which is to be the headquarters of social work in the parish, will cost £7000.

Canon Page Roberts, of St. Peter's, Vere Street, and the Hon. Mrs. Page Roberts celebrated their silver wedding day at Canterbury on Nov. 7. The Cathedral bells were rung in honour of the occasion.

The Rev. Robert Milne, of South Kensington Presbyterian Church, will, it is said, shortly resign his charge on account of his health. Mr. Milne has been at South Kensington since 1890.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell's successor at the Union Church, Brighton, is to be the Rev. J. G. Stevenson, of Newquay, Cornwall. The call was communicated to Mr. Stevenson about a fortnight ago, and he has now intimated his formal acceptance. He intends to begin his ministry at Brighton on the first Sunday of the New Year.

A long artistic career recently closed with the death of Mr. Alexander Blaikley, which took place in London, where he had resided since 1841. His pursuit of art began at ten years of age, when he travelled in Ireland with his father, and attracted notice by his clever cutting out of silhouette portraits. He studied in Edinburgh at the Trustees' Academy, and became a portrait-painter of considerable repute. He was specially noted for his studies of children. One of his best-known pictures was that of Professor Faraday delivering a Christmas lecture to children before the Prince Consort and our present King, as a little boy. Mr. Blaikley, who was a native of Glasgow, died in his eighty-eighth year.



Snapshot of Championship Match, 1903, Dawson v. Stevenson, played at National Sporting Club, London, on Table by E. J. RILEY, Limited, Accrington. Dawson at Play.

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Extract from the *Sportsman*, March 23, 1903:

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1903) of Mr. John Greenwood, of Highfield, Catford, and 10, Arthur Street West, a member of the Court of Common Council, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Eliza Ann Greenwood, the widow, John Francis Greenwood, the son, Richard Bennett Jane, and William George Rayner, the value of the real and personal estate being £114,046. The testator gives £500 to his wife; £200 each to his five daughters; £200 each to Richard Bennett Jane and William George Rayner; his Corporation medals and addresses and the silver salver presented to him by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee, to his son; and the beneficial interest of certain management shares to various persons while in the employ of his firm. The residue of his estate he leaves to his wife, for life, and then in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated March 17, 1896), with two codicils (dated Nov. 18, 1897, and April 29, 1903), of Mr. Edward Norfolk, of 48, Lee Terrace, Blackheath, was proved on Nov. 2 by Mrs. Alice Norfolk, the widow, Edward Norfolk and Harold Norfolk, the sons, and Walter Edward Phillips, the value of the estate being £113,681. The testator gives his freehold residence, with the household effects, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1200 to his wife; £1000, in trust, for his grandchildren, Harry Raymond Wasmuth and Alice Maud Wasmuth;

£500 to his son-in-law Edward Christian Wasmuth; and £200 to Walter Edward Phillips. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his children, and the issue of any deceased child, except the children of his deceased daughter Mrs. Wasmuth.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1885), with seven codicils, of Mr. Henry Jeffreys Bushby, J.P., of Wormley Bury, Herts, late a Metropolitan police magistrate, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Nov. 2 by Lady Frances Bushby, the widow, the Hon. Frederick Henry North, and the Hon. George Thomas Kenyon, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,050. The testator charges his freehold property with the payment of £1300 per annum to his wife; and he bequeaths £100 each to his three younger children; a conditional £250 per annum to his son Dudley Charles during the life of his mother; £1000, in trust, for his brother Elliott; £100 to his sister Alicia Frances; £20 to his sister Jane Seymour; £200 each to the Hon. Frederick Henry North and the Hon. George Thomas Kenyon; and legacies to servants. All his property in Hertford, Glamorgan, and Mayo, and the residue of his personal estate he settles on his son Henry North Grant Bushby for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1902) of Mr. Richard Pope, of Westfield, Isle of Wight, for many years chairman

of Pope and Pearson, Limited, colliery owners, of Normanton, who died on Sept. 8, was proved on Oct. 29 by Harold Blackburn Pope, the son, Mrs. Christiana Anne Pope, the widow, William Edward Garforth, William Middlebrook, and John Alfred Jones, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,542. The testator gives an annuity of £800 to his son Harold, and £150 per annum to his wife, Lillian Goulston Pope; £1200, furniture to the value of £500, and such a sum as with the funds of her marriage settlement will make £1200 per annum during widowhood, or an annuity of £300 should she again marry, to his wife; an annuity of £200 to his daughter Alice Emily Page; £2500 each to his grandsons Philip and Leo Page; an annuity of £200 to his daughter Lillian Ford, and £250 per annum to her daughter Theodora Justice Ford during the life of her mother, and then a sum of £4000 is to be held, in trust, for her; an annuity of £600 and the use of the residence called Chrysland, at Freshwater, to his daughter Theodora Phelps Pope; and £200 each to William Edward Garforth, William Middlebrook, and John Alfred Jones. Subject to the interest of Mrs. Pope, he appoints the funds of their marriage settlements, and other funds amounting to £25,000 under the will of his father, upon various trusts for his son Harold and his children, the shares of the sons to be double that of the daughters. The residue of his property he leaves in trust, to pay the income from two thirds thereof to

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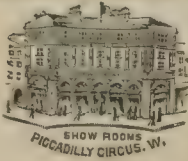
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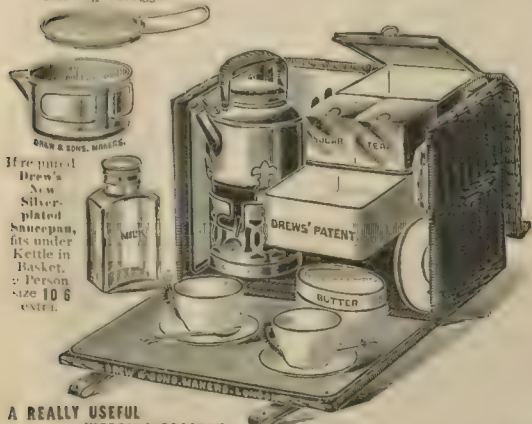
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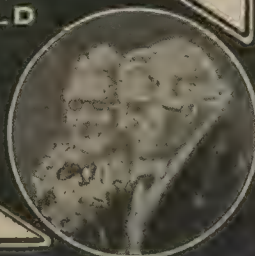
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his son, and the remaining one third, in trust, for his grandson Richard Blackburn Pope during the life of his father, and, subject thereto, the ultimate residue is to be divided among the children of his son, the share of his sons to be double that of his daughters.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1890) of Mr. William Dawes Freshfield, of The Wilderness, Reigate, a member of the firm of Messrs. Freshfields, New Bank Buildings, Old Jewry, solicitors to the Bank of England, who died on Aug. 19, was proved on Oct. 30 by Edwin Freshfield, the brother, and Major Carey Hamilton Borrer, the executors, the value of the property being £56,248. Subject to a legacy of £200 to Major Borrer, the testator leaves all his estate, in trust, during the life of his wife to pay £100 per annum each to his daughters who are of age; £200 per annum for the education and support of each daughter under twenty-

one, such a sum as will make up £400 per annum to his son, James William until he comes of age, and the remainder of the income thereof to his eldest unmarried daughter, Mrs. Freshfield being an invalid. On her decease he gives £10,000 each to his unmarried daughters and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated July 26, 1876) of Dr. William Johnson Walsham, of 77, Harley Street, W., and Warrenside, Forest Row, Sussex, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Oct. 31 by Mrs. Edith Maria Walsham, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £31,245. The testator leaves all his estate and effects to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 28, 1898) of Eve Maria Viscountess Glentworth, of 69, Queen's Gate, S.W., and Marham House, Norfolk, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Nov. 3 by Ronald Hugh Baillie, the value of the estate amounting to £19,601. The testatrix

bequeaths £1000 each to Anna Glentworth Baillie and Eila Mary Baillie; and leaves the residue of her property to her great-nephew Ronald Hugh Baillie.

The will (dated May 28, 1895) of Sir Michael Henry Herbert, G.C.M.G., of Wilton House, Salisbury, Ambassador to the United States, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Nov. 3 by Dame Lelia Belle Herbert, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £7924. The testator leaves all his personal estate to his wife.

Lady Sarah Wilson will contribute some account of her travels in North-Western Rhodesia to the December number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Few people have been to North-Western Rhodesia, and yet it is a country of over 400,000 square miles, and where for the last six years intrepid Englishmen have been steadily at work.

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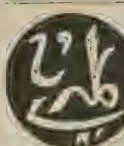


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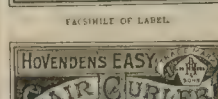
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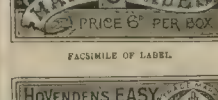
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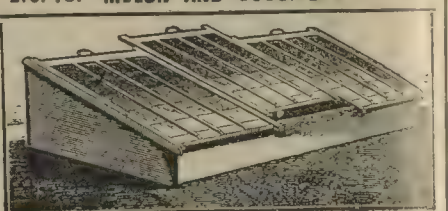
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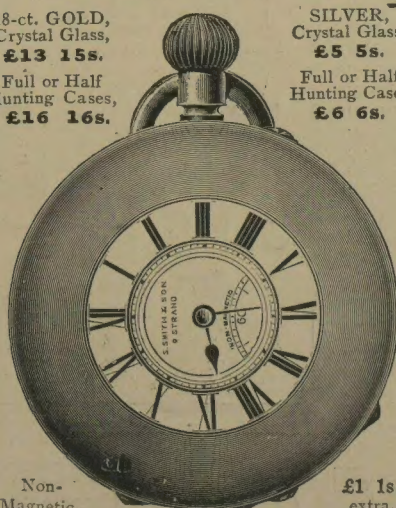
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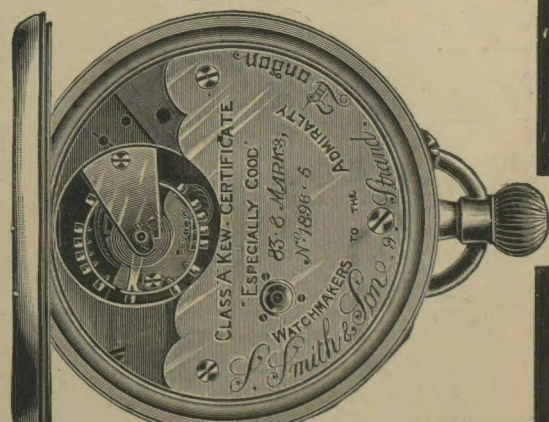
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